PROLOGUE

Johnny Chinook lives in Alberta -- that strange, unpredictable, warmhearted, experimental province of the Dominion of Canada, where anything can happen and has and does, where the subject of politics is on everyone's mind, and next year is everyone's future.

Johnny has lived in Alberta for a long time now. The first time I met Johnny he was standing on top of a high hill listening to strange music. After we got acquainted I could hear the music too: a far-off wailing that Johnny told me was the sound the old Red River carts used to make as they crossed the prairie from Fort Garry. Along with the wailing was a dim, ghostly rumble, and this, said Johnny, was the forgotten thunder of the hooves of millions of buffalo.

Another time I met Johnny standing right out on the bald-headed prairie on a shimmering day in midsummer. He was watching a mirage, and when my imagination got sharp like Johnny's I could see what he saw: a procession of characters who made folktale history in Alberta. He pointed out Bob Edwards and Paddy Nolan, Nigger John Ware and Kootenay Brown, Twelve Foot Davis and Kamoose Taylor, Father Lacombe and Crowfoot, Dave Cochrane, Baldy Red and Jeff Davis.

The procession was a long one and took a long while to pass. When the prairie twilight had dimmed out the last faint figure I felt sad, because I didn't know a

single character in the whole long line. Johnny, however, said he would fix that for me and he did, for not long afterward I met him in the foothills country on a very blue day in autumn. It was remarkable how he became in turn the leading figures of the procession we had witnessed.

Who is Johnny Chinook? Well, Johnny, according to some, is one percent man and ninety-nine percent straight liar! According to others, Johnny is a big fellow, something like Paul Bunyan, with a voice that on still days you can hear for twenty miles. There are those, too, who'll tell you that Johnny is just a little guy with a big reputation -- especially when it comes to spinning yarns. They'll tell you that you're likely to spot Johnny riding a Chinook wind as it comes puffing through the mountain passes; or that you'll maybe see him trailing the rains and the big snows in the cattle country. He seems to like violent weather changes, political disputes -- in fact, any event that folks remember is likely to include Johnny Chinook.

Actually, I know Johnny as a pure figment of the imagination. A figment that's supposed to represent all the imagination in Alberta rolled into one ordinary, run-o'-the-mill, everyday or garden variety of man.

Johnny finds it very convenient to be a figment, because as a figment he's been just about every place there is in Alberta, and has seen and done about everything, too. Johnny, in fact, has been lumberman, rafter, railroader, homesteader, newspaperman, hotelkeeper, rancher,

schoolteacher, politician, surveyor, trader, Indian chief, bootlegger, Mounted Policeman, lawyer, doctor, preacher, and a lot of other things. ~~Johnny, in a word, is every-~~ Anybody
~~body in Alberta (or anybody anywhere) who loves a good~~
~~story. That takes in just about the entire population.~~

Knowing Johnny as I do, I can tell you that he's not always a liar. The yarns in this book are all Johnny's, and some of 'em he assures me, are the gospel truth.

However, maybe you know a different version of a tale than the one Johnny tells. This is quite possible, for these tales have echoed before around the campfire, in the bunkhouse, in the hotel bar, across the dinner table; the conversation of preachers and rakes, rich men and poor.

Of course, Johnny doesn't actually ~~appear as a single character~~ tell the stories in the book. How could he when he's everybody and is the spirit of all the tales? The composite of all the people and all the stories in the book equals Johnny Chinook. In a word, Johnny is my muse. I hope you enjoy meeting him.

PROLOGUE

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AFTERWORD

As I finished writing the last story

I've seen Johnny Riding on a
Chinook wind, or on the frosty fresh

"Well, "

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AFTERWORD

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In the preparation of this book, we are indebted to various institutions, publications, and individuals.

Among the institutions deserving thanks are: the Calgary Public Library, the Edmonton Public Library, the Provincial Library, at Edmonton, the Library of the University of Alberta, the Extension Library of the University of Alberta.

The publications include the Calgary Herald, the Edmonton Bulletin, the Edmonton Journal, the Calgary Albertan, the Lethbridge Herald, the Medicine Hat Times, the Canadian Cattlemen Magazine, the Historical Bulletin of the Associate Clinic, Calgary, and particular thanks to the Alberta Weekly Newspaper Association, members of which gave valuable assistance.

Among the hundreds of individuals who have

assisted and whose names do not appear in this book are several who deserve special mention. Thanks, then, to Dr. D. G. Revell, of Edmonton; Captain Robert Pearson, of Edmonton; J. P. Berry and F. G. Roe, of Edmonton; J. J. Tighe, of Calgary; J. Y. Card, of Cardston; Mr. and Mrs. Hod Seamans, of Lethbridge; John Blue, of Edmonton; Mrs. Harrison Young, of Edmonton; Mrs. David McQueen, of Edmonton; Mrs. Helen Learmonth, of Edmonton; Kenneth Coppock, of Calgary; Alexander Calhoun, of Calgary; Leonard Nesbitt, of Calgary; Miss Georgiana Thomson, of Calgary; Lt. Herbert Halpert, of Bloomington, Indiana; Dr. E. A. Braithwaite, of Edmonton; Mr. and Mrs. Z. M. Hamilton, of Regina; Raymond Davis, of Vulcan; W. E. Edmonds, of Edmonton; Chief Justice Ives, of Calgary; Mrs. M. E. Gooding, of Turner Valley; Mrs. Betty Crook, of Brooks; General and Mrs. W. A. Griesbach, of Edmonton; Frank Farley, of Camrose; Miss Evelyn Murphy, of Edmonton; Dr. E. P. Scarlett, of Calgary; Mrs. Peggy Parker, of Carmangay; Mrs. J. E. Cook, of Calmar; Mrs Marion Campbell and James A. Hornby, of Calgary; R. C. Thomas, of Calgary; Miss Jessie F. Montgomery, of Edmonton; Miss Mary Donaldson, of Edmonton;

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FOREWORD

This is a book for the school boy, the old-timer, the man on the street, or the man behind the plough. In fact, it's a book for everybody in Alberta and everybody everywhere; for humor, courage, and the love of a tale are everybody's heritage.

The locale is Alberta -- that strange, unpredictable, warm-hearted, experimental province of the Dominion of Canada; where anything can happen and has and does; where the subject of politics is on everyone's mind; and "next year" is everyone's future. Alberta! where the mystery beneath the earth is a mystery of oil, coal, and gas; and the mystery above the earth is a mystery of chinook winds, hails, and sunlight.

Sometimes in the Alberta wind, you may fancy you hear strange music; the eerie wail of the Red River cart as it rolled across the prairies from Fort Garry; or the music may be a dim,

country where ranching is still an important industry.

Other scattered hills or mountains reaching elevations of from 3000 to 4000 feet can be seen south and southwest of Lesser Slave Lake where Beaver Mountain rises to an elevation of 4000 feet. The Swan Hills north of Edmonton and the Birch and Saddle Hills in the Peace River Country about complete the list of elevations, outside the foothill area, which mark the presently settled area of the province, and in one way or another influence the life of the settlers.

Along the western boundary the sloping foothills provide rugged stepping stones, rising gradually, to the mighty arch of the continent in the Rocky Mountains. Moving northward the rolling short grass plains gradually change to scattered bluffs of poplar, aspen and willow. The color of the soil changes from brown to black

ghostly rumble like the forgotten thunder of hooves of millions of buffalo. Such ghost music is not hard to hear in Alberta.

And looking across the bald-headed prairie on a shimmering day in midsummer, you may see a mirage. If your eyes are not too sharp, and if your imagination is keen enough, you may witness, far off in the distance, a strange procession -- a procession of the people of Alberta. You may see the Indians, the fur traders, the missionaries, the whiskey trader, the Mounted Policeman, the rancher, the railroader, the businessman, and the homesteader. They will all be there.

This is a book about the people. It is humor, tradition, myth. It is not exactly history, and again, it is history; for the tales the people tell are sometimes a truer guide to the life of the people than facts, figures, and dates.

This is Alberta as it has been dreamed and fashioned -- lived and relived. These tales have echoed before around the campfire, in the bunkhouse, in the hotel bar, and across the dinner table; in the conversations of preachers

and rakes, rich men and poor.

The tales are not always told as we tell them -- not on your life! Many a well-wisher is going to proclaim, when he reads this book, that he knows a far, far better version of a tale than the one we relate.

We hope he does, and that he will write us the better version, and we will write a better book.

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Who was Johnny Dunn? Well, Johnny, according to some, was one percent man and ninety-nine percent straight liar. According to others Johnny ~~was~~ is a big fellow, something like Paul Bunyan; ~~and~~ there are those who'll tell you that Johnny ~~was~~ is a little guy with a big reputation--especially when it came to spinning yarns.

Actually, Johnny is a pure figment of the imagination. A figment who is supposed to represent all the imagination in Alberta rolled into one ordinary, run-o'-the-mill, everyday or garden variety of man.

Johnny finds it very convenient to be just a figment, because, as a figment he's been in just about every place there is in Alberta, and has seen and done about everything, too. Johnny, in fact, has been lumberman, rafter, railroader, homesteader, newspsperman, hotelkeeper, rancher, schoolteacher, politician, surveyor, trader, Indian chief, bootlegger, Mounted Policeman, lawyer, doctor, and a lot of other things. Johnny is everybody in Alberta who loves a good story, and that takes in just about the whole population.

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The procession was a long one and took a long while to pass. When the prairie twilight had dimmed out the last faint figure I felt sad, because I didn't know a single person in the whole, long line. Johnny, however, said he could fix that for me and he did, for not long afterward I met him in the foothills country on a very blue day in autumn. It was remarkable how he became in turn the leading figures of the processinn we had witnessed.

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Foreword – Johnny Dunn

Who is Johnny Dunn?

All these years are Johnny Dunn

Could alter Personal Life – Use Johnny instead

of self?

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

It has often happened that at the close of a war, the years immediately following were times of stirring and unrest. Thousands of men, and women too, in these later days, who have heard the call of far countries and felt the urge of adventure, are reluctant to settle quietly back in the old accustomed routine. The end of the Boer war was such a time.

The death of Queen Victoria and the close of the war marked not only the end of a century but also the end of a pattern of life. It marked the beginning of one of the great transition periods of history.

With the passing of an old century and the beginning of a new, great social forces long in ferment began to burst forth with the irresistible impulse of nature in spring. In fact the early years of 1900 marked one of the many springtimes in the long procession of history, and as in spring, there was new growth and development in men's minds and in the world of industry and commerce.

Everywhere in the old world, at the beginning of the century and for 40 years before, there was a sense of bouyancy and hope -- a new sense of freedom like latent sap coursing through the veins of men; a new stirring and new challenge to go forth and create a new world in the golden, fabled lands of the West.

During the last half of the 19th century the fame of America penetrated the lands and villages of far countries; haunting, challenging, inviting and fascinating in its storied appeal.

The story of America was one rich in promise and full of hope; and as such, it travelled to the far corners of the earth and started one of the great migrations of history.

From many lands and across the seas, the people responded to the challenge of a new land -- a land of the free. From 1850 onward they came in countless thousands -- a human flood, spilling westward, ever westward, across the eastern seaboard, past the Mississippi and over the short grass plains, up over the foothills and

mountains and down the valleys of the Pacific Coast. Up across the 49th parallel, north and west along the valleys of the Red and Assiniboine, west again following the Saskatchewan to the ramparts of the Rockies, and North through the valleys of the Athabasca and the Peace, rolled this human tide lured by the most primitive of all acquisitive urges: the urge for land - rich black land, brown land, and gray land, land that was free.

As the flood increased, the name of America began to excite the minds of those restless spirits who felt the call of a new world and a new life. With the passing of the first years of the century, the great map that was America began to take on a new meaning, to lose its vague unreality and gradually to become localized and specific. The name Canada began to be something more than just Upper and Lower (Quebec and Ontario); there were Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, each distinctive, rich in its own

way, and each stirred imaginations in the distant homes of Europe. These were names that beckoned and challenged and promised a rich reward for those who ventured.

In 1885, a handful of 15,000 people, scattered around the trading posts and along the routes of the fur-trade, occupied the empire of 255,000 square miles that was to become in 1905 the province of Alberta - a stately province named for a stately lady, wife of a Governor General, and like her possessing infinite grace and charm in each of a thousand moods.

While the first settlers were making their way slowly across the western plains, meeting its challenge as best they could, a small group of determined men in Ottawa were facing the staggering task of building a railway through a wilderness and across a continent. In spite of tremendous obstacles and with a vision beyond their time, they pushed thin lines of steel westward across 3000 miles of virgin land. Undeterred by swamps and muskeg, through 1200 miles of precambrian rock, across 900 miles of prairies, up and over the

mighty bastion of the Rockies and down to the Pacific Coast they pushed the Canadian Pacific Railway, uniting Canada from coast to coast in the last great empire of the West.

Following those thin lines of steel, spreading out from them, pushing past and beyond them in every direction, the settlers came; lured by the siren song of cheap, bountiful land, they bought not just one acre, or five, or even ten, but 160 acres, 640 acres and more of virgin soil.

On and on they came with the migration reaching flood tide in 1911 and slowly receding until the war of 1914. From the English counties and the glens of Lochaber, from Land's End to John O' Groats came Scotsmen and Englishmen, and Irishmen from Ulster and Armagh. From Austria and Bohemia and the plains of Moravia, from the Danish farms of Funen and Jutland, and the Swedish lands of Skane and Vermland, from the fjords of Bergen and the valleys of Asker and Aas, they came ~~the Norwegians~~. From Holland and Belgium and France and Italy and from the black

earth country of the Ukraine came a surging torrent of humanity. These were joined by thousands more from Eastern Canada and the United States, all spurred on by the challenge of a great new land, the new frontier in the great northwest.

They came from the cities and towns and from the farms and villages of these many lands. They were a converging stream of languages and cultures coming together, eddying, swirling, separating and merging again in one great country, welded together by a common desire for freedom and opportunity in a new land of the free. Engineers and scientists, doctors and lawyers, artisans, traders and peasants, women and children, all came dedicated to the task of ~~blazing new trails,~~ building new homes, opening up new land, building cities and towns on the wide Canadian plains.

On a September day in the summer of 1905, in a ceremony on the river flat beside the Saskatchewan River in the hustling town of Edmonton, Alberta became a province.

Today, 38 years later, over 800,000 people have found their homes in the cities and towns and on the thriving farms of a rich and smiling land.

THE LAND

The province of Alberta is a land of ~~infinite variety~~, a land of swiftly changing moods, a ~~land whose air is clean and clear and buoyant~~. It is situated on the third prairie steppe, ~~with~~ its eastern boundary along the 4th meridian just west of the Missouri Coteau, a ridge of dirt hills rising 300 to 600 feet ~~above~~ the plain to the east.

The altitude varies from 2000 feet ~~on~~ the east and north to 4000 feet along the western foothills.

The distinctive physiographic features are the Rocky Mountains on the west and the drainage basins of two great river systems. The Saskatchewan, with its two branches, the north and south, flows east in the southern and central part of the province, and the Mackenzie with its great tributaries, the Athabasca and the Peace, ~~in the north~~,

flows northeastward into the Arctic Ocean. In the extreme south, the Milk River, a tributary of the Missouri system, makes a brief loop in the province before swinging south to eventually join the father of waters. These great rivers, ~~with~~ their sources either deep in the glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, or in the adjoining foothills, are swift-flowing and have cut deep channels through the surrounding prairie plains.

The badlands of the Red Deer River, a tributary of the South Saskatchewan, are famous throughout the West and compare favorably with the badlands of South Dakota among the scenic attractions of the western plains.

Occasional high hills and ridges, some of them unglaciated remnants of heights ~~of land~~ of a former age, stand out above the ~~surrounding~~ plain, lending variety not only to the topography but to the life and work of the people who live nearby.

In ~~the south~~ the Milk River ridge projects many miles southeastward from the western foothills. The Cypress Hills, reaching

an elevation of 4000 feet, about 35 miles south-east of Medicine Hat, provide a distinctly different type of vegetation and agriculture from that of the surrounding plain. In the dry area south-west of Hanna the Hand Hills rise to a height of 3500 feet, 1200 feet above the surrounding countryside, and as a result of heavier precipitation, provide good ranching country. Further north and east, north-east of Coronation, the Neutral and Nose Hills form the northern edge of the short grass plains and also the northern boundary of the country where ranching is still an important industry.

Other scattered hills or mountains reaching elevations from 3000 to 4000 feet and standing from 1000 to 1500 feet above the surrounding landscape, can be seen south, and south-west of Lesser Slave Lake where Beaver Mountain rises to an elevation of 4000 feet. The Swan Hills north of Edmonton and the Birch Hills and Saddle Hills in the Peace River country about complete the list of elevations, outside

the foothill area, which mark the presently settled area of the province, and in one way or another influence the life of the settlers.

In the south and east, the province of Alberta is a country of flat grass lands and rolling prairies.

Along the western boundary the sloping foothills provide rugged stepping stones, rising gradually, to the mighty arch of a continent in the majestic Rocky Mountains. ~~As you move~~ northward, the rolling short grass plains gradually change to scattered bluffs of poplar, aspen and willow. The color of the soil changes from brown to black ~~as we enter a~~ to a rich parkland area. A heavy growth of grass covers this central area of the province from the Saskatchewan boundary on the east to the foothills on the west, and north to just beyond Edmonton - a magnificent farming country.

From Edmonton north and westward, the natural grass cover and park-like country gives way to a gray soil covered with a

constant growth of trees - poplar, willow, birch, spruce, tamarack, and pine. Areas of muskeg increase as in the great bush country north-east of Athabasca where over 40% of the land is muskeg. Scattered here and there throughout these gray soil and muskeg areas are substantial pockets of good black soil, holding promise for more intensive settlement at a later time. Over most of this north country are areas of forest and great stretches of scrub and bush.

Alberta is a land of great rivers whose swift currents have cut deep channels through the soft glacial till. The south, central and northern part of the province from Red Deer north, is a land of a thousand lakes, of rivers and streams where fish and game are found in abundance for all.

The height of land between the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie river systems lies between Edmonton and Athabasca Landing. The Athabasca river rising in the Athabasca glacier

of the Rocky Mountains west of Rocky Mountain House, winds in great curves and sweeps in a northeasterly direction, passing about 100 miles north of Edmonton at Athabasca Landing. This river really marks the dividing line between southern and northern Alberta. South of the river, settlement of varying density has covered most of the area. North of the river, except in the Peace River country, settlement is scarce or non-existent. To the north and east of this dividing line is a great lone land of forest and muskeg, lakes and streams where the trapper and the hunter are still monarchs of all they survey.

The thin ribbon of settlement is to be found along the single line of railway and the rough gravelled road which links the older, southern part of the province with the new, and rapidly growing empire of the Peace River country. Both highway and railway wind through the forest and swamps along the shores of Lesser Slave Lake for a distance of 80 miles or more. From Smith on the Athabasca river to High Prairie

at the western end of Lesser Slave Lake, is a great long corridor - a great no-man's land with occasional high hills like the Beaver and Birch Mountains shouldering out of the forest. It is a land of swamps and lakes, and reedy streams, where the splash of the beaver and the cry of the loon are more common sounds than those of the farm yard and ranch. From this wilderness the road emerges into the gate-way to the Peace River country at High Prairie.

The High Prairie country is a low, flat land of hay meadows, and deep black and sometimes peaty soil. The water table is high and drainage is not always easy. From High Prairie westward and northward the thin band of settlement stretches and spreads out fanwise. Through the flat gray soils and poplar forests of the MacLennan, Donnelly and Falher country, the main Peace River road cuts straight, sometimes for miles, through great avenues of towering white poplars 100 feet in height.

New settlers in this area, French, Ukrainian and Anglo-Saxon alike, are busy carving homes and farms for themselves and their children out of this forest land, and everywhere, log buildings stand as the hall-mark of the first pioneers.

Fifty miles north-west from the village of MacLennan both road and railway come to one of the great rivers of Canada, the mighty and silent Peace.

The Peace River, with its source deep in the Rockies beyond Hudson's Hope, comes tumbling down through narrow mountain gorges until it gains the broad plain of another magnificent park country extending roughly 200 miles east from the foothills by 300 miles north and south at its extreme width.

Through this great land the river has carved a deep and splendid valley 900 feet deep and several miles wide at Peace River town and 1200 feet deep at Hudson's Hope.

The river divides the country into northern and southern districts because its great banks and mighty current provide an effective barrier along most its length, to even the most hardened pioneers.

Beyond the present Peace River country, through what is known as the B. C. Block in British Columbia, and for 1600 miles north and west there now stretches the modern version of the Trail of '98. The Alaska Highway, or the trail of '43, promises to open up another new frontier in the great northwest. Whether this road will become the great inter-continental trade route that some people predict, only time will tell, but that it has made many people conscious of new possibilities in the north, no one will deny.

THE CLIMATE

The climate of any country is probably its most important single characteristic. The land itself in the sense of its vegetation and productivity, is really a product of

climate, and the people who live on the land respond to its dominance as to no other single factor. The people of Alberta are no exception to the general rule.

The climate of the province of Alberta, while neither extremely hot nor extremely cold, has the dominant characterisitics of great variability and sudden changes of temperature through a very wide range. Alberta is also a land of marginal rainfall. In the short grass plains it is a land of high winds, low rainfall and bright sunshine. Even on the black and gray soils of the north the margin of safety for successful crop production is little above the minimum necessary and is frequently so near the essential minimum that, not the total amount of precipitation but its distribution over the growing season may mean the difference between success and failure in the year's harvest.

The dominant factors of marginality of rainfall, production and of prices, are the greatest factors in influencing the lives of the people and the civilization they will develop. Not only are they the

greatest environmental factors in shaping the kind of life the people lead, but they also determine their philosophy and outlook on life.

It has been said that Alberta is the greatest "next year" country in the world, and the reason is, that both farmer and business-man know that the margin of safety between a rich harvest and a poor one is never wide, particularly in the south. That knowledge makes people conscious of an element of risk which in time becomes an all-pervading influence and shapes not only the individual's outlook but his whole approach to social institutions.

Many settlers came to the West from well-established communities in older parts of the world. They naturally tried to impose on the new country those methods, forms and institutions with which they were familiar. Many of the mistakes of the early years can be laid at the door of this perfectly natural attitude. It has taken the western people, and Albertans particularly,

30 years to learn the lesson of marginality - to learn that if they were going to conquer the elements on the western plains they would have to adapt themselves to the conditions they found and not try to mould the western plains into a replica of an eastern or old-world pattern.

The bumper crops and high prices of 1915 and '16 coming so soon after the majority of the first settlers came in, got many of them off to a false start. Many thought that the bumper crops of those years were simply the realization of their preconceived dreams of the golden west. The first warnings after the wheat farmers came, were in 1917 and 1918 when drought affected some areas of the south. But these years were thought to be the exception and the visions of 1915 and 1916 were still strong in the minds of many. Then came 1922 and 1923 , and since then the nightmare years of 1931 to 1937 with drought and economic disaster stalking the land as twin spectres of disaster and despair.

The lesson was hard to learn in spite of what many an old-timer rancher had said, but now we know that the dry year - the year of sub-marginal rainfall and short crops is the normal year in at least three years out of ten and in some districts three years out of five. Knowing this, the ever-adaptable westerner is learning to adopt new ways of conducting his operations which will enable him to live with the country more successfully than was the case in the past.

Apart from the dominant characteristic of marginal rainfall over most of the province, two other characteristics are important; one is the high percentage of hours of bright sunshine which makes even the coldest days of winter pleasant, and the other is the soft south-west wind that frequently comes stealing out of the Rockies on a winter's day. The chinook arch is a feature of Alberta life; always a welcome harbinger of soft, warm days which bring the brown land of autumn hastening through the snows of winter and speeds the first crocuses in spring. The stories of the

chinook are legend in Alberta, and as the well-known arch appears in the southwestern sky, and the setting sun casts its long shadows from the crest of a continent, the people on the prairie homesteads and the stock on a thousand ranges are grateful for that smiling arch in the west.

THE PEOPLE

Historically it may be said that the settlement in Alberta falls into three periods. First, the period of exploration from 1670 to 1870, during which, the first white explorers blazed trails and built their forts in an unknown land. They were later followed by the voyageurs, trappers and the first few settlers. This was the time when beaver was king. Second, the period of expansion or agricultural settlement from 1870 to 1930 when the land was settled; first by ranchers in the south, and later by the homesteader and wheat farmer. From 1870 to 1900 on the southern ranges at least, cattle was king and the west went through one of its most colorful phases.

The day of the open ranges and the great herds was soon over however, and the liquid

golden wealth of Red Fife and Marquis wheat became the new bonanza for all but a precious few.

With the ill-starred collapse of world prices in 1929 and the onset of the great depression, the people of the West entered the phase of life in which we now find them - the third phase of western settlement, the phase of consolidation.

In this new phase which started with the 1930's, the western people really began the tasks of consolidating their life on the western plains. Most of the grim physical tasks had at least been completed in the preliminary stages. People had learned what the rancher learned long ago, that if you were to succeed in this western land you had to conform to the laws of nature which formed the country in previous eons of time.

The people who settled in Alberta came from many lands and represented many traditions and cultures. They represented some 64 nationalities and 398 religious groups or sects. They represented every trade and

profession. Never did a more diverse group spread across a land. But there was uniformity in their diversity. They all had many characteristics in common. First of all, they were the ~~spirits~~ sons in every community in their homelands in whose veins tingled the love of adventure and the spirit of independence. They were the non-conformists - the people who staunchly refused to ~~docilely~~ accept the restrictions and limitations of an older civilization, when the opportunity to build in a new world came along. They were the independent spirits in politics and religion. In many cases they were the recalcitrant younger sons of leading families in the Old Country who could not or would not accept the curbs and checks of Victorian society. Above all, they were people of strong character, rugged vitality and a healthy zest for living. They had a robust sense of humor and an unquenchable spirit of optimism.

Those effete eastern people who are continually raising polite, and sometimes not so polite, eyebrows about Alberta's political and financial

unorthodoxy, have not studied the Alberta people and do not know their backgrounds. Alberta has always been a political maverick, even in the days of the earliest territorial government when men like Frank Oliver and others expressed a sturdy independence.

The first provincial government, formed in 1905, was unceremoniously thrown to the wolves in 1909. In 1921 the politically orthodox government of the day was ignominiously defeated by an army of rampaging farmers organized in the ranks of the United Farmers of Alberta. Again polite eyebrows were lifted and some not-so-delicate noses sniffed the air of parliament hill and were sure they caught the aroma of the barnyard. In time these good citizens found that the men from the farms did not haunt the legislative halls armed with pitch forks and a sprinkling of alfalfa hay. In fact they came to like these men with their sturdy honesty and sincerity and kept them for fourteen years. In the same period, these farmers sent a group of men to Ottawa, and their contribution to the public life of Canada will long rank high in the annals of public service.

But again the seeds of revolution were growing. New Messiahs began to talk the land preaching a new and more unorthodox doctrine than the embattled farmers of fourteen years before. Again the Alberta non-conformists rose up in their might and smote the old friend who had become the new enemy. This time the eyebrows did go up and the noses did sniff and many were sure the heavens would fall. But the old-timer just laughed and said, "The boys are at it again. They never leave anyone in doubt about how they feel. They kicked the farmers off parliament hill and left nary a trace, but just wait a few years and we'll do the same with these boys. It may be ten years, fifteen or twenty, but the good old Alberta non-conformists will still be trying something new even when Gabriel sounds his trumpet on the judgment day."

In Toronto such a philosophy may be rank heresy but in Alberta the Old-Timer just chuckles and goes about his business. He knows his neighbors in Alberta. He knows their non-conformism, their love of short cuts, their intoxicating optimism and the

quality of hope which will never admit defeat. He knows their realism and their sturdy independence, and their sense of fair play which is always willing to give a fellow a chance to show what he can do. Above all, he knows and loves their sturdy sense of humor which has enabled these hardy pioneers to laugh at their misfortunes and to make jokes about their hardships. The Old-Timer understands that such a people can never be beaten whether in war or in peace.

Such is the setting in which some of the leading characters of this and other days will move in succeeding pages, and such is the milieu in which some of the finest sagas of this new world will find their place.

he spent several years on the American frontier. He appeared in the Northwest Territory as an Indian trader and buffalo hunter in the pre-Mounted Police days. He came after the Lemon mine had been found and lost by the two prospectors that he had grubstaked in Montana previously. One, Blackjack, was dead -- murdered on the eve of discovery by the other, Lemon, who was driven insane by his deed. Lafayette French came to this country to find the ~~lost~~ Lemon mine.

At the time the Blackfoot Treaty was signed in 1879, French was operating a trading post at the Blackfoot Crossing. This was the camp ground of Crowfoot, mighty chief of the Blackfeet, and War Chief of the Blackfeet, Bloods, North Piegans, and South Piegan tribes. These tribes compose the entire Indian population of the great plains stretching throughout Alberta to Montana. The remnants of the old Iroquois confederacy had been driven into this territory and absorbed into the western tribes. Bitterly aware of the white traders' policy, this last domain had long been kept inaccessible to the white men. Over it ruled Crowfoot, inimical

to anything but his subjects' interests. He was absolute. He maintained his own police force, and they carried out his orders to the letter. There was no appeal from his decision. Today we have Dictators, but no Dictator in the world today is more absolute than was the mighty Crowfoot. If a member of the tribe or a whole village deserved punishment, they disappeared, and the places that ~~then~~ had known them knew them no more ~~forever~~. Nor were his decisions ever questioned. This would be very unwise in the days and under the rule of Crowfoot.

French early won the friendship of the noted Blackfoot chief and became his confidant and adviser, which indicates of the trader's personality and character. While Colonel Macleod, head of the ~~N. W. M. P.~~ Northwest Mounted Police, waited in his tent day after day for the chief to sign the Blackfoot Treaty, Crowfoot was conferring with French about it. Crowfoot's confidence in, and his esteem for French continued until his death. He paid French an annual visit when he later located a ranch at High River. However, among the rank and file of the Indians, French, whom they called 'Oxsaw', or the Left Hand (because he was left-handed), was more feared than respected.

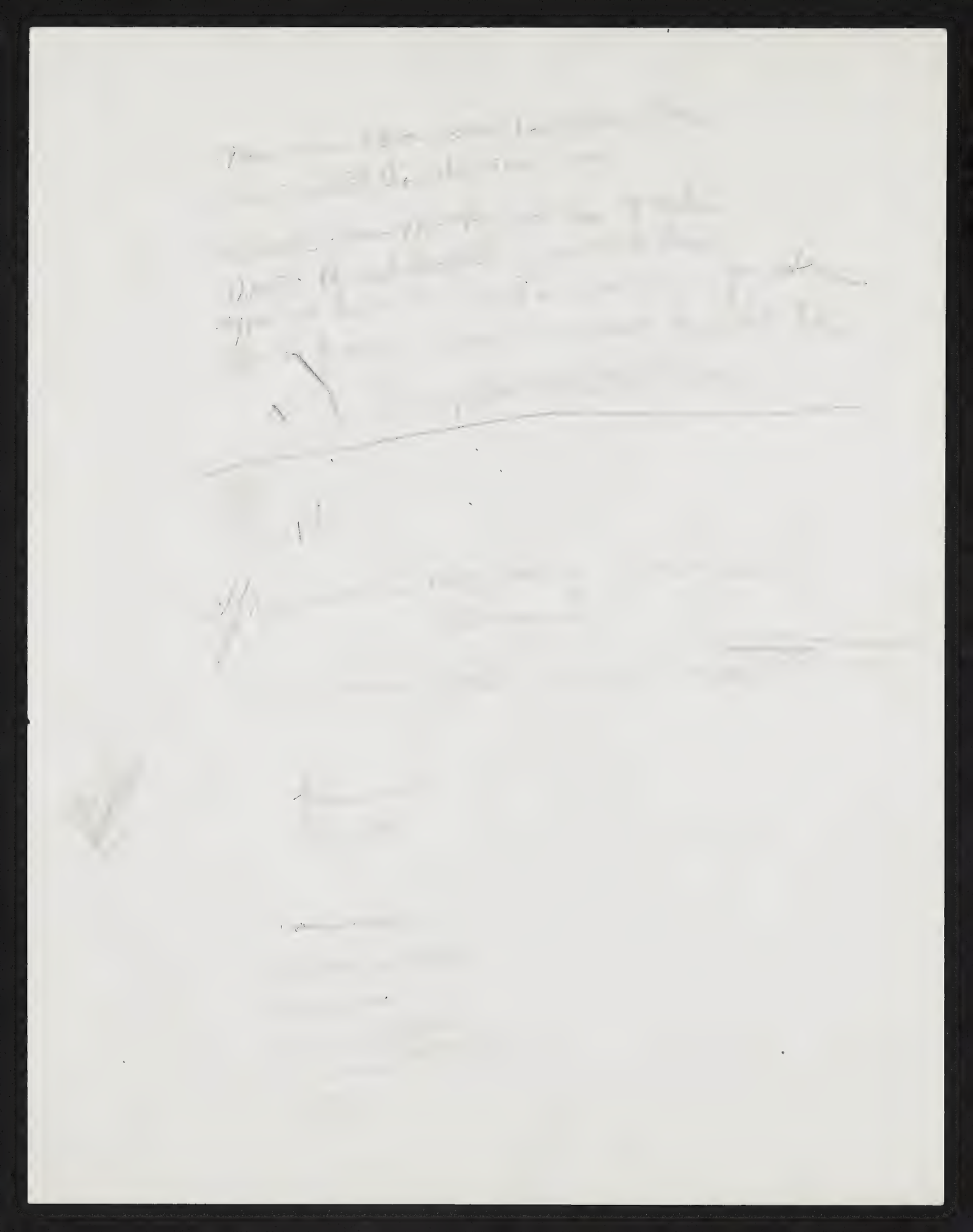
"Shortly after the Treaty, French and another Indian trader, C. H. Smith, or 'Smithy', started a ranch at what is now High River. They had a bunch of breeding mares and 150 head of cattle. They were the first men to break the sod in this district. Their ranch was one of the stopping places on the old Fort Benton and Edmonton trail, by which all supplies came into the country at that time -- coming up the Missouri River to Fort Benton. The stage dropped the local mails here, and a soap box served as the first post office in High River.

"The first job I got in this country was with them in the spring of 1883. In the autumn of that year, they took up what is now the O. M. Ranch, twenty-five miles west, and moved their stock to it. Next year, French went to the Stoney Indian Reservation in the foothills -- now Morleyville -- as Government Ration Issuer, and remained there for several years. He did this in order to get acquainted with the Stoney Indians and, if possible, to learn from them the location of the Lemon mine. They alone had this knowledge.

"Sometime about the spring of 1870, a party

Dear Chief Mountain Horse:

As I wrote you last spring I am getting out a book containing a number of Alberta stories, mostly as told by Albertans themselves. I would like to use your Charcoal story, and since it has already been printed by the Mounted Police Quarterly, I am writing them also for permission. In addition I would like to ~~xxx~~ include



had a lover. She was extremely enamoured of her paramour and on frequent occasions indulged in clandestine trysts with him. Unable to meet him secretly anymore because her husband's suspicions were aroused, she feigned illness for a period of four days, which terminated in her supposed death.

Her people laid her on a hillock, placed a pillow at her head, and covered her with a buffalo robe. Large boulders placed on either side served to hold the robe down. This form of burial had been her special request during the last days of her illness. "My relatives," she said, "when I die, do not bury me. Leave all my personal belongings beside me."

The faker was left in this position by her mourning relatives. Later her sorrowing husband returned for a last farewell. On arriving at the spot, he found it vacant; in the interim, her paramour had visited her, and both had taken flight.

A few days later, her lover was seen at his camp accompanied by a young man whom nobody knew. In reality it was the woman disguised as a warrior.

The child of the supposed dead woman, whose suspicions were also aroused because of the intense interest bestowed upon him by this strange young man, informed his father of his suspicions. "Father," he said, "I believe that man is my mother. Invariably he asks me to his side and fondles me. I recognize his voice as my mother's."

After thinking the matter over very carefully, the husband next day requested his aged mother to prepare a special soup. "I want to invite those two boys for supper," he told her.

This soup was a great favorite with the wronged warrior's wife, and was made the following way: In tanning a buffalo skin, when the hide is bone dry, it is scraped with an elk horn shaped like a capital "L". The long part is used as a handle, while the short side is sharpened and used for scraping purposes. All shavings from these hides ~~so scraped~~ are boiled in an earthen pot and used as soup.

The two friends accepted the invitation. When his guests had seated themselves, the warrior recognized his wife. On being asked to partake

of the soup, one of the boys refused, but the impostor accepted. Whereupon the host jumped up and pointing an accusing finger at her denounced her for what she had done. "You shall die for your sins," he declared. "I have discovered your deception. You cannot disappear into the earth or climb to the sky for safety."

The lover managed to escape, but the woman was slower; her husband had gained the entrance of the tepee before she could get out. He pulled out his flint knife, and she began to run to and fro before him. Realizing that her chances for escape were desperate and that she could not save herself, she used supernatural powers which enabled her to float upward into space. As she was disappearing, her husband struck at her, severing one limb at the knee. The unfaithful one continued to float upward and at last planted herself on the moon.

Today if you look at the moon when it is full, you will observe the figure of a person with one leg standing beside a fireplace.

3. THE DIPPER

"The Seven" is an Indian name for the Dipper.

was what was called a Medicine Pipe Man.

A Medicine Pipe Man always dyes the blanket or robe he wears a dark red; he also wears a tuft of hair, in a little knot about three or four inches long, on top of his forehead, and his face and hair are painted the same red color -- an insignia of his position.

This fellow was finally observed by the warrior to descend the hill and make for the river bottom. On reaching the foot of the hill, he squatted down Indian fashion. The hunter, riding up, discovered nothing but a solid reddish rock, resembling a man in sitting position. He then ascended the hill and looked in all directions, but failed to find a single living person. He again descended and offered prayers in close proximity to the rock.

The following night, a stranger appeared to the hunter in his dreams: "My son," he said, "I am the rock you saw. I want you and your children to come and offer me peace offerings at all times."

From that time on, this rock was known as Medicine Rock, and was usually laden with gifts such as

now a folk tale in Southern Alberta.

* The western prairies were in a state of flux when Mr. Cashel hove into sight in 1902. The province of Alberta, as such, had not been born. Land was being settled in all directions, railways waxing fat on a terrific influx of settlers and effects.

The land seekers came to the fertile plains from all directions, including large numbers from south of the border. The newcomers, were of necessity a mixed crowd, and in the mixture was Ernest Cashel, a slim, unimpressive young man with a head continually spinning -- in the wrong direction.

Cashel certainly was no movie version of the western outlaw. But he was aggressive, and prior to his debut in Calgary had case-hardened his conscience by graduating from a year's term in prison.

He crossed the Canadian border with throttle wide open and a battalion of American sheriffs of several states not far behind.

By trade Cashel was a barber. By inclination he was definitely a crook and killer. By his own

* C.I. Ritchie; The Canadian Cattlemen, Vol. II no. 4

his billiard cue and started to chase the hangman in and out among the tables. Friends grabbed Paddy and calmed him down, while the hangman hastily slipped out the door.

AVALANCHE

The Crow's Nest Pass, according to legend, received its name as a result of a great battle between the Indians of the Blackfoot Nation and the Crows.

The Blackfeet, which included the Bloods and the Peigans, were camped, at the time, near where the city of Lethbridge now stands. The Crows had crossed from Montana and raided the Blackfoot horse herds. Their depredations were discovered; the Crows were pursued; and a final battle fought under the shadow of Turtle Mountain. The Crows were all killed, and their hiding place was called, thereafter, "Crow's Nest" by the Indians.

The scene of this battle was completely obliterated, however, by the greatest land slide ever known in the Rocky Mountains.

On the morning of April 29, 1903, a C. P. R.

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THE PARK BELT REGION

The park belt region of Alberta is as distinctive in its own way as the Rocky Mountain region or the short grass plains. It is a large area, the largest of the four distinctive regions of the province. The region is bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by a line running southwestward from the village of McLaughlin on the Saskatchewan border to Olds, and west from Olds to the mountains. The northern boundary is formed by the Athabasca river where it leaves the mountains, and the river continues to be the boundary until it reaches Athabasca Landing. From this point the line angles northeast to the 55th parallel and from there east to the 4th meridian on the Saskatchewan border.

Park Belt

These lines enclose a great park country roughly two hundred and twenty-five miles north and south at its base in the western foothills, narrowing to one hundred fifty miles wide on its eastern side, by three hundred fifty miles from east to west.

This region includes practically all of the rich black soil land of the province, except for a small portion in the Peace River country and a narrow strip extending south along the western foothills to the United States boundary. It includes a good portion of the better gray wooded soils and some small areas of timber. It is a land of a thousand lakes and countless streams, of gently-rolling hills and deep river valleys -- a land of poplar bluffs and willow clumps. Stands of spruce, pine, tamarack, and birch dot the river valleys and the flat benches of sandy soil north of Edmonton.

From the time the voyageurs and ~~coureurs~~ coureurs de bois made their way by canoe and trail up the valley of the Saskatchewan until the present day, this region has been a rich source of food and supplies. In the days of the fur trade, fish and game, including the lordly buffalo, provided sustenance for all. Today, millions of pounds of beef, mutton, bacon, butter, and eggs are going forward from the region to feed a hungry world. Sixty per cent of Alberta's farmers live within

this fertile and productive region and in less than sixty years the land of the trader, the trapper, and the Indian has become a land of thriving farms and villages.

From the standpoint of history the park belt region is the oldest settled part of Alberta. David Thompson and Alexander Henry made their separate ways to Edmonton in 1807 and 1809. Trading posts were established at Edmonton, And Lac St. Anne ~~and Fort~~ as early as 1794.

Peter Pond, the trader, became Alberta's first farmer when he cultivated a garden and grew grain on the south slope of the valley which rises gently from the Sturgeon River at St. Albert in 1779. He also grew vegetables at Pond's Fort, thirty miles up the Athabaska River from Lake Athabaska, in the same year.

The honor of being the region's first commercial grain grower and one of the first in the west, belongs to William Cust who also farmed at St. Albert.

Cust, like many another pioneer, had followed the gold rush to California in 1849 and from California, had gone fur trading in the Peace River country. In 1876 he settled on a farm in the St. Albert district, not far from the original farm cultivated by Peter Pond almost a hundred years earlier.

Reference is made to Mr. Cust's farming activities in an 1881 issue of the Toronto Globe and Mail.

"Whilst referring to the surrounding district, (Edmonton), I may mention that the most extensive farmer is Mr. Cust, whose farm is contiguous to the St. Albert Mission. He had been on his present farm for five years. He had this year, one hundred eighty acres of wheat yielding thirty bushels to the acre, thirty-six acres of barley yielding thirty-six bushels to the acre, and twelve acres of oats yielding twenty-five bushels to the acre. The grain crop this past season has been lighter than in previous years owing to the cold wet weather, altogether exceptional until this past two seasons."

The late A. C. Fraser, secretary of the National Dairy Council of Canada in Ottawa, and formerly manager of the Edmonton branch of the Merchant's Bank, knew Mr. Cust as a customer and spoke very highly of him as an honest citizen. Mr. Fraser tells the following story about him:

"My impression is that his (Cust's) first venture was the Cut Bank Lake farm now owned by the Croziers of Namao. Bill was a customer of the bank when I was manager. His credit rating was of the highest. About 1910 he had a loan of around $1,000 unsecured. He also had owing to him under a mortgage, a much larger sum. He called on me one morning and said, 'Fraser, I am going to die soon. I have read my Bible through twice this winter and I am ready as soon as I pay off my debts, and that I will do as soon as I can sell that mortgage. The sale is arranged as soon as I bring in the title and I will be back tomorrow with it.' Bill drove home to his farm

at St. Albert, sat down to his evening meal, and died."

Two other pioneer grain growers of the park belt region are mentioned in an article by A. L. Horton of the Vegreville Observer:

> May I quote from an article appearing in the Observer in March, 1909, relative to early farming in the Beaver Lake district just eighteen miles west of Vegreville. The article is written by the late Henry Deby, himself an early settler in that district and conversant with everything which took place. Mr. Deby said, "It was in the year 1881 that the thin edge of the wedge, or of the plow, was inserted at Beaver Lake when two white men, whose names posterity will retain as Dick Steele and Billy Inglis, pitched their tent and turned the first furrow on the east shore of the lake. They cut their first crop in 1882 of wheat, oats and barley. The wheat was Club and some of it was put in as late as May 24th. The rainfall was abundant, the season favorable, most of the grain was cut

in August and furnished an excellent yield and sample. I might add that Dick Steele was a brother of the late Sir Sam Steele of Mounted Police fame."

The bountiful harvest produced by these pioneer settlers amply bore out the testimony of Capt. John Palliser, who in the course of his surveys for the British Government in 1857-60, spoke of the region as the "fertile belt" and said it would be capable of supporting a large agricultural population.

Farming, although it has always been the most essential and basic of industries from the days of Varro the Roman, until the present day, has never been an exciting and glamorous occupation. It has never had the romantic appeal of ranching, although in many respects the two are closely akin. It hasn't the romance and adventure of mining nor the thrilling spectacle of lumbering. Farming, in a good community, hasn't even the publicity and emotional values of less favored areas where the spectacular hazards of nature such as drought, hailstorms, frosts, and

plagues of grasshoppers and cutworms, add the spice of risk to the thrill of achievement.

The "park belt" farms are in the main small holdings when compared with those of the wheat grower and rancher of the short grass plains. The majority of farms vary in size from a quarter section of one hundred sixty acres to larger holdings of half a section and a section. Occasional farmers operate even larger acreages but the average is more likely to be under a section than over.

Unfortunately there is a sameness and lack of color and romance in the picture of thousands of overalled farmers quietly going about their daily tasks in the production of food. This is true even though the work these people are doing is more important than that of other industries, and although the results of their collective labor are spectacular indeed.

The over-all note which characterizes the

life of the "park belt" region is an air of quiet, thriving, and peaceful industry. As the country emerges from the pioneer stage, an atmosphere of tranquil security and well-being pervades the country side. Being a mixed farming area the people are tied more closely to their farms than are their cousins on the plains. There is less dashing about and less of the mechanized roar of machinery. Life is quieter and the air of speculation and daring, that to some extent characterizes the outlook of the farmer on the short grass plains, is lacking in the small farmers of the north. Because the risks he runs are fewer and the rewards for his labor surer, some of the spice and adventure may have been removed from the life of the "park belt" farmer, but even so he is likely to claim, and with justice, that there are still sufficient hazards to keep his life from being one of pastoral perfection.

Situated within the "park belt" region are some of Alberta's most thriving towns and cities. Among the towns are

such centers as Ponoka, Camrose, Vegreville, Vermilion, Lloydminster and St. Paul. Each of these places has one characteristic in common with all the others: a well-developed and prosperous farming community within its trading area.

The region claims the three cities of Red Deer, Westaskiwin, and Edmonton, although the former two, while ~~being~~ fine communities in every way, are nothing more than good sized towns.

1. EDMONTON

Edmonton, the capital city, is a sprawling community of 110,000 people situated astride the ~~sweeping~~ valley of the North Saskatchewan river on one of the finest natural locations any inland city could have.

Everything is ~~laid out~~ on a generous scale, from the broad valley with its ~~numerous~~ many deep ravines, to the wide streets and scattered buildings. The tempo of the city, like that of the surrounding country, is quiet and un-

hurried, ~~and~~ yet there is a sense of power and submerged strength which is a constant source of irritation to its ~~more~~ bustling, brash ~~and~~ rival ~~city~~ of the south, Calgary.

As befits the dignity of the capital, Edmonton is also the home of the Provincial University, and much of the quiet beauty and dignity of the city stems from this association. In spite of the air of the quiet country town that in normal times pervades Edmonton, it is the trading centre for considerably more than half the population of the province. As the Gateway to the North it boasts ~~of~~ some of the finest department stores in Canada. Its fame as one of the great air centres of the world is just beginning. ~~It is~~ a city of pleasant homes and beautiful parks, despite ~~In spite of~~ its ~~richly~~ varied population, Edmonton has much more the atmosphere of an English town than its more ~~business-like appea~~ active-looking r-~~ing~~ neighbor, Calgary, which in many respects is typically American West.

2. The People

The ~~"~~park belt~~"~~ region of Alberta ~~contains~~ has

the smallest percentage of Anglo-Saxons of any of the province's four distinct regions. It is the one region in the province where large and almost solid blocks of different racial groups are to be found. People of English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, and American descent ~~are found~~ live, of course, in practically every district; and they are predominant in the southern and southeastern portions of the area such as the Olds, Innisfail, Red Deer, Lacombe, Ponoka, Alix, Stettler and Lloydminster districts, and immediately around Edmonton.

In the southern portion of the region we find also, large settlements of Danes and Icelanders around Markerville, Dixon, and Caroline; ~~west of Innisfail,~~ and a little further north around Eckville and west to Rocky Mountain House, ~~we find~~ there is a concentration of Finns with a fringe of Estonians and Latvians.

In the Woodriver settlement, east of Ponoka, ~~are to be found~~ is a ~~concentration~~

of Welshmen, and the rising cadences of Welsh voices in their church services and community meetings, are reminiscent of the villages of Glamorganshire and Cardiff.

Joining the Welshmen on the east in the Asker district, and extending east and north through New Norway, Camrose, and Bawlf, we find a large proportion of the Norwegian population of the province. The Asker settlement, east of Ponoka, includes a large number of people who come from the beautiful Asker valley near Oslo. These people are of the finest Norwegian stock; clean, vigorous and wholesome.

Moving northward again we discover strong concentrations of Ukranians west of Millet and Leduc. Mixed among them ~~are quite a percentage of~~ Germans and a number of Poles.

On the western edge of the region, north of Breton, and again at Wildwood, exist small settlements of Negroes; ~~and~~ another settlement of colored people is located at Athabaska.

Around Leduc ~~we find~~ 15 a scattering of French Canadians with a few Belgians. North of Edmonton the French settlements begin at St. Albert and extend northwest to Villeneuve, north again to Picardville and east to Vimy, Legal and Morinville. French concentrations are also predominant at St. Paul and Bonnyville.

Ukranians and Hungarians have settled in large numbers west of Edmonton along the Jasper Highway. Germans are found in large numbers around and south of Spruce Grove and Stony Plain, with other concentrations at Bruderheim and Fort Saskatchewan.

Another settlement of Germans, from the vicinity of Hamburg and Keil, settled around Freedom, near Barrhead, after the last war; and near neighbors of the Germans at Freedom are the Italians at Naples and a settlement of Dutch at Neerlandia.

Extending east and north from Edmonton for nearly one hundred fifty miles, a strip from forty to sixty miles in width

contains the great Ukrainian block, where people of this racial origin predominate to the extent of from forty to ninety per cent. This is by far the largest non-English racial group in the "park belt" region.

Groups of Polish settlers are located around Mundare, Hilliard, Star, Round Hill, Kopernick, Nisku and Sangudo.

Concentrations of Swedes are located around Kingman, and between Kingman and Duhamel, and again at Buck Lake and Wetaskiwin.

A colony of Hebridean Scots was established with the help of the C. P. R. at Clandonald in 1929 by Father Andrew MacDonell of the Scottish Emigrant Aid Society.

During the brief sixty years in which most of the settlement of the province has taken place, a good deal has been written about the short grass plains region. The same has been true in a lesser degree of the Peace River country, but for some reason comparatively little has been written about the "park belt" region. It is true

that some of the outstanding ~~happenings~~ events incidental to the settlement of this region have caught the public imagination and are well known. The story of the Frog Lake Massacre and the tension following the Indian and half-breed risings at that time provide a thrilling chapter in the life of the West. The heartbreaking struggles of the famed Barr colony are not without touches of pathos and humor. The hardy French Canadian pioneers who established the St. Albert Mission under guidance ~~of~~ Father Lacombe's provided another colorful chapter in the regions' history.

However, the real story of the majority of the pioneers who settled the ~~"~~park belt~~"~~ region has not been told, in spite of the fact that it is as intensely human in its own way as the story of the short grass plains.

The stories of the green Englishman have long been a part of the humorous folklore of the Canadian West but some districts settled predominately by people of English stock are among the finest and most success-

ful in the province. In picking a new home in the Canadian West, the English pioneer invariably chose a location of great natural beauty. He sometimes located in districts in which the esthetic appeal far exceeded the economic potential. Probably the most notable settlement is that of the Barr colony at Lloydminster, where, under the inspired leadership of Bishop Lloyd, who succeeded the absconding Barr, new life and hope was given to a people who, through no fault of their own, went through a period of untold privation and hardship before winning through to security in homes of their own.

The rolling land of wooded hills and dales, gentle streams, and hidden lakes around Alix must have reminded a group of Englishmen of the sylvan glades of Kent and Sussex, because a regular colony was established there in 1906. As Englishmen throughout the world have done before, these people proceeded to convert this new home into a little bit of England. The Parlbys, the Marryats, the Allens, and a host of others had their polo and cricket as well as afternoon tea. As has happened in many another case, some of them returned to England

in the course of time to inherit titles ~~and carry on the traditions of names going back to William the Conqueror~~. Among those who remained, one brought distinction and honor to the land of her adoption. The Honorable Irene Parlby became the first woman to hold cabinet rank in the British Empire when she became minister without portfolio in the United Farmer government in 1921. She held that position until 1935 when she retired from active politics and public life. In the meantime she had represented the women of Canada with credit and distinction at the League of Nations in Geneva, and at many another meeting of international importance.

As first president of the United Farm Women of Alberta, Mrs. Parlby ~~well and truly~~ laid the foundations of one of the most effective women's organizations in America.

Another bit of England was established in one of the most attractive parts of Alberta, around Pine Lake, thirty miles southeast of Red Deer. Here again a community which included such well-known English names as

Pope, Raikes, Pardoe, Page, Carrick, Atter, Lawrence, Potter, Cronshaw, Knight, Charlton and a host of others, brought with them some of the culture that was England to a new and pioneer land. There was cricket and polo and afternoon tea at Herbert's Hotel on a Sunday afternoon. They stimulated a lively interest in music and drama. Many of them built attractive homes and their sons and daughters have become better Canadians for the heritage which was theirs. Sir Arthur Stonehouse was one Englishman of this group who, instead of returning to England on inheriting his title, decided to stay in the land of his adoption, and in his quiet way is making a fine contribution to the life of his community. So much for the Englishman, who, wherever he is and with all his faults, represents a robust force and solid worth in every community.

Little need or will be said in this narrative about Scotsmen because they are everywhere, and with their characteristic penchant for running things, a surprising number of them will be found in the executive

positions of community and business organizations. There is an old saying in Edmonton that the city, its business, and politics, are run by the Burns Club. When you look over the roster of names of the Club and recognize such well-known ones as George McDonald, Malcolm Bow, "Jock" McNeil, Tom Campbell, John Leslie, Donald MacKie, Archie Muir, Jimmie Walker, J. F. Lymburn, and many others prominent in the business and professional life of the community, you find ample proof that Scots in this western land are running true to form.

Whether it be in the city, town, or pioneer country area, the broad Scots of the Lowlanders can be heard mingling with the soft Highland accents of those whose native heath was north of the Tweed.

In the spring of 1907, a C. N. R. Survey extended northwest from Edmonton up through the Onoway country and north of Cherhill. In those days a railway survey or even rumors of a survey, were all the reason necessary for a rush of settlers into the area under

consideration. There are many settlers in districts miles from a railway today who settled on their present holdings only because they believed the railway was coming in a matter of months, or a year or two at most. Among one group of settlers who settled in advance of this C.N.R. survey in 1907, were two Scotch carpenter chums who hailed from Forfar in the land of the heather and thistle. They were Jack Morrison and Alex Duthie.

They arrived in Edmonton fresh and green from the Old Country and decided to take up land in what is known as the Wildhorse district, northwest of Edmonton. The district got its name from the fact that wild horses were plentiful in the area.

Morrison and Duthie purchased a team of oxen and a wagon, a few necessary cooking utensils and started out over seventy miles of muskeg and bush trail for their homesteads. On arriving, they built the usual homesteader's shacks and performed the necessary services to comply with the homestead regulations.

This done they turned the oxen loose and returned to Edmonton to make a few dollars

following their trade as carpenters. After about three months in the city they had enough cash for a grubstake, and walked back to the homestead with the idea of further improving their properties. The trail in those days was nothing more than a rutted track wandering through the bush and following the high ridges between the muskegs. Mosquitos and black flies were there in abundance to urge the travelers on their way.

On arrival at the homestead the two Scotsmen set about catching their oxen which by this time had reverted to their native state and were quite wild. They were without horses, they had no fences or corrals and were in a country of dense bush. Neither man had a lariat, nor could he have used one if he had. The problem of catching the oxen was a real one. Scotch inventiveness, of course, came to the rescue. Morrison and Duthie located a place where a path, used by the oxen, passed between two trees. If the oxen could be driven between the trees they could be snared like so many innocent rabbits. Great care was exercised in hang-

ing the noose just in the right position. Even greater care had to be taken in herding the unwary oxen along between the trees. However, by careful planning, first one ox and then the other ox was driven into the trap, snared, and in the course of a few days subdued, to become once again a beast of burden.

The Wildhorse settlement in those days was made up mostly of bachelors. Practically all of them were engaged in proving up on their homesteads between periods of work in the city or on railway construction. There were no schools, or churches. Books and newspapers were rare ~~and far between~~.

One day an old homesteader called Hicks died. There was no preacher nearer than Edmonton, seventy miles away. Word got around that Old Man Hicks was to be buried at a certain time, and at the appointed hour, homesteaders converged on the place of burial from all directions. Suddenly it was discovered that there wasn't a Bible among the lot. A council of war was immediately held. Some were for burying the old boy as he was, without benefit

of anything in the way of a service. Others thought that something should be done to give Hicks a decent and proper burial. The argument continued for some time, ~~with~~ an Irishman by the name of Mike Gallagher being most insistent that something should be read. The question was what? Hanging in a nearby batchelor's shack was an old fly-specked copy of Chase's Almanac of the year 1907. A messenger was dispatched, and in due course Old Man Hicks was lowered to his last rest as Mike Gallagher read a page from the Almanac.

While the people of Anglo-Saxon blood who pioneered and settled the "park belt" in the early days had many experiences similar to those of Jack Morrison, and Alex Duthie, they probably had a much better time than did the majority of the Polish and Ukrainian people who came in at the same time or later. Polish settlers are scattered in many districts of the "park belt" and in the years since they have been there, have built a reputation for being thrifty, hardworking, kindly people. Many of them came to the West in the same manner that John Liss arrived,

and his experience is typical.

John Liss left his native village in Radoszkowicze, ~~Northeastern~~ Poland, when he was twelve years old, and went with his parents to Toledo, Ohio. There were nine children in the family and the father earned $1.35 a day working in the rolling mills of Toledo.

In the fall of 1912 he came into the park belt after having alternately worked in lumber mills, sold books and Polish newspapers, and worked as a harvest hand. That fall he walked nearly eight hundred miles through the country north and west of Edmonton, looking for land. In 1913 he returned to the United States, worked in the copper mines of Butte, and then joined the United States Marines. ~~Being~~ On his discharge from the Marines in 1916 he again came to Canada with his father. They purchased a pair of mules and a democrat, loaded it with Polish and Ukrainian books and started to visit the Polish and Ukrainian settlements of Alberta. They finally settled in the Paddle River country near Sangudo. In 1917 John volunteered for the Canadian Army and became a C.S.M. in the

famed Polish Legion which trained at Niagara-on-the-Lake before proceeding to France.

On coming back from France, Liss returned to his homestead and was given a soldier's grant. He has developed his original homestead from the virgin bush to a farm that was for years used as the Dominion Government illustration station.

In the meantime John Liss and his wife raised eight children. One is today a pilot officer in the R.C.A.F., another is graduating in engineering from the University of Alberta. Another is a graduate of the Olds School of Agriculture, the others are in high school and at home.

Between 1919 and 1940 John Liss became active in practically all the farm and community organizations in his district, ~~being~~ an executive officer in many of them. In 1940 John Liss again joined the colors and served for three and one-half years before being discharged as medically unfit. Such is the simple story of one Polish family which has ~~proudly~~ earned the right to be called Canadian.

The story of most of the Poles who came to the West was usually that of people landing in a strange country almost penniless and often in debt for their passage money. The husband often came out first and worked on construction gangs and on the railroad until he could get enough money to bring his wife and family.

The first Polish settlers arrived in the park belt as early as 1895. They would get off the train at Edmonton, walk out to Fort Saskatchewan, stay there over night and then start hunting for land in the territory east of that point. By 1901 they were coming in in large numbers and the first Polish parish of Cracow was established north of Hilliard. Another settlement WAS located at Round Hill in 1904 and at Kopernick, nearby, in 1906.

They built simple log huts, often without a floor in those first days. The walls were plastered and chinked with mud and clay and the roofs were made of thatch. They tried to get a cow, as soon as possible, a few chickens and maybe an ox.

The man of the house would then go off to the lumber camps or construction jobs, leaving his wife and children to carry on as best they could. The hardships and privations that the women left on these holdings went through, could only have been endured by people of great strength and courage. The story of Anton Petc and his family of Bittern Lake is typical of many.

Anton and his wife came from the vicinity of Yaroslav in southeastern Poland in 1905. Like most of the others who made the long journey in the crowded colonist car from Halifax, they had very little money. The family went to Wetaskiwin and then to Hay Lakes. After locating on the homestead and getting a shelter built for the family, Anton left the family to go to work and earn some cash.

Mrs. Petc had no well and had to haul water from Bittern Lake, three miles away. She did this with an ox and a home made stoneboat. When it was cold in winter she had to make this trip and cut a hole through the ice for the water. By the time she got home a lot

of the water had splashed out. With the slow ox and primitive transport this journey often took the best part of the short winter day, warm or cold.

One day she had been to the Lake for her usual barrel of water and was on her way home when something frightened the ox and he ran away, upsetting the barrel of water and smashing the stoneboat. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Petc followed and finally caught the ox, took him to a neighbor's, borrowed another stoneboat and repeated her trip to the lake for the barrel of water.

Another time she was out in the bush gathering firewood when she spotted a very large lynx up in a tree. She was unarmed and alone but she knew that hide was worth about $20.00 in cash at the Hay Lakes trading post. Slipping away as cautiously as she could, she hurried home, borrowed a neighbor's rifle, and returned to the woods. All the way back her mouth watered with thoughts of what that silky, grey skin would bring. Twenty dollars! a sack of flour to mix with the hand ground

grist, sugar and tea, a bit of calico for a dress, and something for the baby. She must not miss, for she had only one cartridge. When within half a mile of the place where she had seen the lynx, she went down on her stomach and crawled forward foot by foot. After what seemed hours she came within sight of the tree she had marked. At first her eyes blinked in disappointment, tears blurred them as she thought the lynx had gone. But no, as her eyes became accustomed to the gathering dusk she caught a glimpse of grey fur against the pale bark of a poplar tree, higher up than before. Inch by inch she moved until she could bring more of that grey body in line with the sights. Finally she was in position, her heart pounding and her hands trembling. She had one shot and had never fired a rifle before. She slowly took aim. There was a loud report and she fell over backwards. At the same time a long, grey body fell almost at her feet.

The settlement of Mundare was at one time fifty per cent Polish. J. D. MacAllister

was a canny Scot who, seeing a good opportunity for trade, had established a general store and trading post there about 1901. The Polish settlers had no money but they were raising poultry and had a cow or two each, so there was always a supply of butter and eggs, an occasional load of wood, and ~~a few~~ some skins to be bartered for the few groceries that were required. ~~J.D.~~ bought the farm produce at a good price, and sold his groceries and supplies at a fair profit to himself. It was a good business and presented him with opportunities at both ends of the transaction. He always kept a supply of candy about, and at the conclusion of each of these barter transactions he would ostentatiously fill a bag with this candy and give it to the Polish settler to take home "for the babies". Such a gesture was good for business and both parties felt better for it.

There was one shrewd Polish lady, however, who was not content to turn her produce over at the prices ~~J.D.~~ was offering.

She always bargained about these, too. "J.D." was amused at first and made the woman some slight concession. That was his undoing. Thenceforward, every time Mrs. K. came into the store there was a battle. She would argue and bargain away, alternately hurling her few words in broken English at him and jabbering away a mile a minute in Polish. The argument usually ended with "J.D." giving her a little better bargain than the average customer. After a time he began to be a bit worried about this doughty warrior. What if she made her deal known to the rest of her countrymen? If she did it would make a substantial difference to the store's profits. "J.D." made up his mind that the next time Mrs. K. came in, there would have to be a show-down. No more concessions no matter how long she talked.

A few days later Mrs. K. came in again with a basket of eggs and a few pounds of butter. As she walked in ~~the door~~ "J.D." thought he could see the light of battle shining in her brown, weather-beaten face. She came up to the counter

and the battle started. J.D. was determined but the lady was obdurate, in fact she was more insistent than ever. By the time the transaction was completed both parties were pretty well out of patience. Mrs. K. had finally selected her supplies and put them in her basket but she stood around as if waiting for something. MacAllister indicated that the days' business was over but Mrs. K. didn't budge. He finally told her to go. But Mrs. K. shifted her position and took a more determined stance than ever; she said in broken English, "Candy for the babie". "No sir, no candy for the babie, you've got all you're going to get for today." "Candy for the babie," repeated Mrs. K. with equal insistence. "Go on," said McAllister, "you've got no babie. Go on home." "Yes, yes, candy for the babie." "No, go on home, you haven't got a babie. You'll get no candy from me."

A look of puzzlement and then of triumph passed over the brown countenance, as with toil-scarred hands, she opened the front of her dress. Seizing a full and pendulous breast between

her fingers, she squirted milk at MacAllister and said, "Ya, ya, me got babie. Candy for the babie."

Nisku is nothing more than a wide place in the road on the highway between Calgary and Edmonton. It has two elevators, a stockyard, and a general store. It is, however, the centre of a very good farming district, and between 1897 and 1931 a large number of Polish settlers moved in there, started clearing the land and building homes for themselves. The first huts were put up in the clearings from logs felled on the place. As the years have gone by, the mud plastered huts have gradually given way to comfortable homes of frame construction. There are nice gardens with flowers and creepers on the walls, and a generation of healthy young Polish-Canadians is growing up in a fine community. The leader of this group and the founder of this Polish community is Stanislas Sarnecki. Like so many of his countrymen, Sarnecki came to this country penniless, with nothing but his iron strength, a will to work, and a sense of humor. He came from Yaroslac and brought with him a whole colony of people.

With a twinkle in his eye he calls himself the Moses who liberated the colony from Austrian bondage. He says he saved those Poles, who first migrated to Buffalo, from American bondage and slavery. Sarnecki is garrulous and witty and takes a prominent part in all his community's activities. To show how completely he had liberated himself from the ways and customs of those far-off days in Austrian Poland, he wears a ten gallon hat and does his best to be identified as a real westerner.

In the forty or fifty years since the majority of the Poles settled in the "park belt", they have come far from the oppressed and penniless serfs who left their native villages. Once more there are songs and laughter; and the famous Polish hymn "Bozu cos Polski" (O God, Protector of Poland) is sung with renewed hope in many a Canadian community.

The story of the Ukrainians in Canada is supposed to have started when three young Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia set out, like Columbus of old, to discover a new world.

The three adventurers crossed the continent of Europe, shipped across the Atlantic and in the course of months reached Winnipeg. At least one of them did. This was in the late 1880's. This individual was so impressed with what he saw that he returned to his native village, reaching it on Christmas day in 1893. He told a story of a vast new land where every farmer could get one hundred and sixty acres of land for $10.00 ~~—~~ a land where there was ~~work with~~ opportunity and freedom for all. He told of rolling steppes and a rich black earth country like their own beloved Ukraine. He told of great rivers like the Dneiper and Don and wooded valleys where fuel was plentiful for all. He told of one emigrant who had been able to accumulate the ~~whole~~ sum of $80.00 in cash at the end of a season's work.

To the illiterate peasants living under the domination of alien power this seemed like the promised land. Most of them were either landless or had from one to three acres. Working as laborers for the landlords, they were no more than serfs earning the equivalent of

8¢ a day.

Nine families volunteered to pull up stakes and follow the traveler to Canada. They arrived at Star in 1894.

About this time, Prof. Oleskow was sent by a society in Lemberg, Poland, to make a study and report on the West. He reported favorably, and from 1895 onwards there was a constant stream of emigration from the Homeland to Western Canada.

Between 1896 and 1914, 170,000 Ukrainians came to Canada, most of them to the West. Between 1923 and 1930 more thousands came, and in the spring of 1929, hundreds of them could be seen congregated around the C. N. R. station in Edmonton, patiently waiting to go to their dispersal points.

Those who had owned land in Europe could realize from $100.00 to $300.00 an acre for it. This meant that, on the basis of one to three acres, the average capital consisted of from $250.00 to $1,000.00 Those who were landless had to borrow the $150.00 for their passage at rates of interest from six to twenty per cent.

LAND OF THE PEACE

The Peace River Country ~~is an empire in the North~~ — a vast new land of pleasant farm lands and great stretches of forest. As the visitor to the country follows the Alaska Highway northwestward from Grande Prairie, the country unfolds in a series of swells as he proceeds over the rolling ridges between one broad valley to the next. It is a country of, as yet, unrealized potentialities and will undoubtedly be the next center of expanding settlement after the war.

The great Peace River with its mighty banks and broad sweeping valley has lent some of its silent majesty to the country itself. Nature here has displayed a lavish hand and painted on a master canvas. Even the Smoky River, a tributary of the Peace, has carved a valley for itself that would do credit to many a mightier stream.

The junction of the Peace and Smoky Rivers as seen from the Grouard hill above Peace River town, is one of the magnificent scenic splendors of Canada, and it creates the at-

mosphere of bigness which dominates the land. There is a quality of silence along the banks of the Peace on a quiet autumn day, when the leaves have gone, that cannot be duplicated anywhere else in Canada.

The single dominant characteristic of the Peace River country is the river. It dominates the thinking of the people. It separates and divides them; it batters and repels them, and at the same time it unites them in a sense of community - the Peace River community. The people of the Peace country always speak of "going outside" when they visit Edmonton or Vancouver.

The Peace River is at once a barrier to, and a means of transport and communication. Countless cargoes have in the past, and still do, go up and down its broad waters and swiftly changing currents. Boats and barges go from Peace River town, 250 miles up-river to Hudson's Hope and they go 300 miles down-river to the frontier settle-

ment of Fort Vermilion. Cargoes of fur, cattle, pigs and grain come up-river. Cargoes of Machinery, supplies and oil go down. In the days before the last war the famous passenger boat, D. A. Thomas, named after the Welsh coal operator who later became Lord Rhonda, used to take passengers up and down the river in a degree of comparative luxury and comfort that must have made some of the early pioneers who traversed the length of the river by canoe and raft, green with envy.

The river with its great banks, its beautiful valley and majestic sweep gives people a sense of the infinite, a sense of space and tranquil power. It fires people's imaginations and stimulates their deeds. The pioneers of the Peace River country are confident people - people who have a supreme faith in themselves and their country, and in their own ability to surmount obstacles and get things done.

The Peace River country, in the years to come, will cradle a race of men whose ideals and traditions are firmly rooted

in the deeds of such early pioneers as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Samuel Hearne, and David Thompson. In the exploits of a later day, men like Jack Hornby, "Peace River Jim" Cornwall, Fletcher Bredin, "Twelve Foot"Davis and Sheridan Lawrence, have all enriched the legend of the Peace River country as they ~~hav~~ blazed the trails of a new civilization in the great north-west.

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PEACE RIVER STORY

I'm especially interested in the women who pioneered in the Peace River Country. I asked, "What about the women?"

"Well," replied Fred, "you ought to ask Mother about that."

"Oh, I don't really think I . . ." began Mrs. Brick.

"Yes, you do, Mother. Tell him about yourself. The ladies are too modest,"said Mr. Brick. "You'll hear many a yarn about the men, but when the women begin to talk, you get the complete picture."

"Well," said Mrs. Brick, "if you really want to hear my side of it . . . "

"I do," I said; and here is Mrs. Brick's story, just as she told it.

"I arrived at Edmonton South in April, 1892 with father, mother, five brothers and four sisters; one brother and two sisters being older than myself.

"When we left Ontario the grass and the flowers were beginning to bud, but when we arrived in Edmonton the snow was still on the ground. We hired a team and sleigh and drove the four and one-half miles southwest to our farm where my father and elder brother had, the year before, built a house for us.

"We had brought some cattle and horses from Ontario, and after we had been in the Edmonton district for about two weeks, the cattle strayed since there were no fences to keep them in. My father, seeing something in the distance, figured it might be the cattle. He thought if he had his telescope, which he used while on his governmental surveys, he could make sure. I said I would get the telescope for him since I knew where to find it in a box upstairs. I had to climb a ladder to the second storey; However, the box being close to the opening, I could reach it by standing near the top. While I was up there my father had picked up a gun, one of the triggers of which would not catch when pulled back; so father thought he would try to fix it while waiting for the telescope. He

had warned the boys never to load that side of the gun so he never thought of looking to see if it was loaded before he pulled back the trigger. Unfortunately they had not heeded his warning, and as the gun was pointed directly at me when it went off, I got a full charge of duck shot in my foot and leg. It was all so sudden that I hardly knew what happened until I went to step down. When my foot would not hold me I started to fall, but father ran and managed to catch me before I fell to the floor. He carried me to the door calling for mother who was outside. They tried to get my boot and stocking off, but the foot had swollen so badly that they had to be cut off.

"All the horses were away so father started to run to town for help, but when he had gone about a mile, he met my brother on horseback coming toward home. Father told him to go as fast as he could to town and rent a buggy and bring out a doctor. When my brother got to town the only rig he could get was a sulky. He found the doctor, who was very much intoxicated, and managed to get him on the sulky, but had to hold him there all the way home. It was only when he arrived that the doctor informed us that he had lost his

medicine bag the night before and had nothing but a bottle of iodoform with him. He looked at the wound and said he thought the foot would have to come off. You can imagine how father felt.

"The ice was running in the river so they could not get a doctor from the north side until it cleared. Out doctor then told mother to poultice my foot and put on the iodoform, which mother did every few hours. When the river cleared, the doctor from the north side came out and the two doctors held a consultation, after which they took father outside and told him the only thing to do was to remove the foot since there was a chance of blood poisoning setting in. Father came into me and I knew by the look on his face what they had told him. He said they thought it was the only thing to do, but I told him to tell the doctors if I was going to die, I would die with both feet on. They told him I was taking a big chance. I was only fifteen years old then, and I wonder now that they listened to me, but as it was, I lived and kept both feet.

"Years after I was married, I met the doctor and he said he was a thankful man he did not take the foot off, and he continued, 'to think you are not even lame!' No thanks to him, but thanks to my dear mother who did not go to bed for two weeks, but sat by my bed in a rocker at nights and was awake at my first move.

"I always pity anything that is shot and not killed outright, if it has to suffer as I did. I used to have that foot in every position possible to try to get a little relief . . . hanging out of bed, up in a sling, and flat on the bed. The only relief I got was during the first two weeks when they gave me morphine. After two months in bed, I was able to get up and hobble around a little on crutches.

"Father was having a large house built, and by fall it was finished. The custom in those days was that every building had to have a house warming. So one of the neighbor girls came over, and with mother and my sisters, they got everything ready. There were all the neighbors from miles around, and quite a few from the town. They had a great time and

kept it up until the wee small hours of the morning.

"We used to have very good times since there were always parties at the neighbors; or we would go to town to skate where there was an open-air rink on the south side, and a closed-in one on the north side.

"In July, 1896, I met my husband who came from Fort Vermillion on the Peace River. We were married by the Rev. Dr. McQueen of Edmonton soon after my foot got better. Two days after we were married, we left for our home in the North. I must say that after my foot got better I used to help my younger brothers with the work about the farm. My older brother had left home to go to the States to work in the lumber camps; so I used to help milk cows, feed the pigs, look after the horses and make hay. Father, you see, was away surveying so much that the farm was left to mother and us children to look after. Doing so much out-door work left me very little time to learn anything about housekeeping. When I was married I had never made a loaf of bread, a cake, nor a pie in my life. But my husband had batched

for some time and was very patient with me, and showed me how to make my first batch of bread. Our nearest English neighbor on our side of the Peace River was ten miles away, so you see I couldn't run in to get her advice when things went wrong.

"My husband was a fur trader, and when we left Edmonton, we had to take supplies for the winter trade with the Indians, and enough provisions for a year. This meant a great deal of freight. That year, 1896, we also took in a large band of prairie horses, all as wild as deer. We had some Indian men and half breeds that my husband had brought out with him when he came out with his furs, and these men were to take the horses overland to the Peace. The first day out from Edmonton, they decided to try to break some of the horses for riding. My husband undertook to ride one. They roped it and blindfolded it. When they had saddled it, my husband got on, and they took the handkerchief off the horse's eyes. The horse bucked, reared up and fell over backwards on top of my hus-

band. It gave me a terrible fright. I thought he was killed, but in those days there were deep ruts in the road made by the carts. It happened that my husband had fallen into one of those ruts and this helped to take the weight of the horse off him. Had it been on the hard prairie, the pommel of the saddle would surely have crushed his life out. The men picked him up and carried him over to where I was, and laid him on the grass. One of the men ran and got some water in his hat and we bathed his face. He soon came round again, but was a sick man for a few hours. We then started on our way again, and arrived at Athabasca Landing in three days. There the horses were forced to swim across the river, and started on their journey over-land to Lesser Slave Lake.

"We travelled up by York boat -- pulled, poled and rowed by the boatmentwho were brought down by my husband and his brother when they came. Most of these men were Cree Indians from around Slave Lake. I don't remember just how many days it took us going up the Athabasca to the Lesser Slave River, then up the Slave to the rapids. We used to have to portage the goods -- the men

carried the bales and boxes on their backs -- until we got above the rapids; then they had to pull the boat up through the deeper water in the channel. The men walked on the shore towing, and two men remained in the boat -- one man at the front with a pole to keep the boat from hitting the rocks, and my husband at the back with what they called the sweep, for steering. After the boat was over the rapids, it was loaded and we started on our journey again.

"After a few more days we came to Lesser Slave Lake and there we had to wait for fair wind. That meant wind that would be in our backs so we could hoist sail and sail across Lesser Slave Lake which was ninety miles the way we had to go. At times a storm would come up very suddenly, and we would have to pull to shore or be swamped. The men had to nail canvas all along the edge of the boat and put it over oars in the middle of the boat so that when the waves hit it, they would roll back into the lake. We had a Peterborough canoe tied along side the boat with some of the camping things in it. It happened that a big

wave came along, raised us up and the canoe went down in the trough of the water. There was a report like the shot of a pistol, and away went our Peterborough canoe. The rope it was tied with had broken with the strain. The storm got so bad we had to pull to shore, and the next day we continued our journey. After we had reached the end of the lake, my husband took a horse and rode back around the lake to see if he could see our canoe. He found it some miles back, tipped up-side down, and everything that was in it had disappeared.

"When we got to the end of the lake, we still had four hundred miles to go -- 100 miles by wagon, 300 miles down the Peace River. Bright and early one morning we started the hundred-miles portage. My husband drove a four-in-hand team, two of the horses never having been in harness. I was given a buckboard to drive with a horse named Toronton, a lovely beast. The roads we had to go over were simply awful, as they were mostly out through heavy timber and the holes in them were some-

times two or three feet deep. Of course, I had never seen roads like that before, nor had I driven a horse alone. Sometimes I thought the wagon ahead would tip right over when the wheels on one side would go down in a mud hole, and the wheels on the other side went up on a root of a tree. Many's the time I held my breath, thinking that wagon was going over. When I would see them safely on their way again, I would steer my horse straight for the middle of the hole as I knew he was strong enough to pull the buck-board and my weight through the mud. One day when my husband was going through one of these terrible holes, it was so deep that when the front wheels went in, the sudden drop threw him right down under the horses. I thought he would be kicked to death, but he was quick and got out without being hurt, and with only a little more mud on him than he had already.

"There were quite a few creeks to cross, and one day just before camping time, we came to one of those bridges made of small poplar poles. The jolting of the wagons ahead loosened the poles, and when my husband went over the bridge with his load the hind wheels pulled away the poles and left an open space. No bridge

was left for me. They called back to me to wait and they would take me around by the ford, since they wouldn't stop to fix the bridge until after camp was made. So I waited, though my horse was very restless. When my husband came he took the lines, and I moved over in the seat to give him the driver's seat. We branched off the road and came to a shallow place in the creek, but when the horse came to the water, instead of walking through it, he jumped, and the jerk of the rig, when I was not expecting it, threw me over the dash-board. When the horse stopped, I was on the ground between the four wheels of the rig. To this day I don't know how I got there. The position of the rig made it necessary for the men to lift the back of it before I could crawl out. I was not hurt -- just twisted my ankle a little. They fixed the bridge that night, and we pulled on again next morning. Of course, all this time since we had left Edmonton, we had made our beds on the ground under a tent. Where there were spruce trees, the men would cut branches

to put on the ground, and we put our blankets on them. This was all new to me and being young, I didn't mind if a knot stuck my back. I used to help get the meals at the camp fire, and helped in any way I could in making camp at night and fighting the mosquitos, which were simply awful in the heavy timber. The mosquitos nearly drove the poor animals crazy even though we made smudge fires.

"After we made the portage between Slave Lake and Peace River, we used to have to stop and build a raft of logs to take our goods and horses three-hundred miles down the Peace. The men would go to one of the islands in the river, cut large spruce trees, trim the branches from them, and then roll the logs into the river and spike them together with wooden pins made out of the branches. These rafts would be over one-hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. When the raft was large enough, they would build a correl for the horses on one end of it! Put a stack of hay feed nearby, and then float the raft down the river to where the goods were stored. Next would come the job of loading the foods. The men would pack the stuff down

to the raft on their backs. At one end of the raft there would be the year's supply of trading goods, our tent and fireplace - for we cooked, ate, and slept right on the raft. When everything was ready, the men made a run-way from the bank of the river to the raft, and drove the horses into the correl. Sometimes they had quite a time getting the horses on as they were all wild, and had never had even a halter on. When all was loaded they pushed out from the shore, and we started our three-hundred miles trip down the mighty Peace to our home at Fort Vermilion..

"My husband was a great favorite with the Indians and half-breeds, and when they heard he was bring a wife, they saved me some of their special delicacies, such as Beaver Tail, Moose Nose and Tuckasee for which I thanked them, and invited them on the raft. But I couldn't eat any of the delicacies.

"We had quite a time getting down the river with our big raft, for the river was very low. There are many sand-bars

in the fall of the year, and we were stuck more than once. But with hard work and wading in the cold water, we managed to always get off. One year we had to cut our raft in two; it was so heavy and got stuck so badly that it could not have been moved otherwise.

"My husband had only a small shack and his store; so when we were ten miles from home, he left me with the only white family on our side of the river, while he went down and raised the roof of the shack and made an upstairs. Soon after he returned for me, the river froze over. We were then seven-hundred miles from our nearest doctor, telegraph, railroad and post office. We were shut in for the winter. Our one chance of getting mail was the Hudson's Bay Company's dog sleigh. I used to long for letters and then when they came I'd be almost afraid to open them in case they brought bad news.

"The winter was, at times, very lonely for me as my husband used to do a lot of traveling with dog teams, often going out to the Indian camps for fur. It was always a hustle to see whether he or the Hudson's Bay Company would

get to the camp first. An Indian would come into the trading post and tell the traders there were some furs out at their camp. Then the race was on! The goods, provisions and dog feed were loaded on the toboggans and the start was made . . . sometimes in the dead of night with the bells on the dog harness tied up so the competing trader wouldn't hear them until they were far enough away from the settlement. Moccasin telegraph was swift and sure, and the Hudson's Bay Company would soon hear that the trader had left town, so everything had to be kept quiet. After they were far enough away from camp, the bells were untied as sleigh dogs will travel better when they can hear the bells jingle. They used the same kind of bells as we used on the horses when sleigh-riding.

"My neighbors were French half-breeds, and all related in some way. The men would speak English, but the women, if they could speak it, were more timid for fear they would make too many mistakes. After I had been there a few years they began to have confidence in themselves, and would speak to me

in English.

"On the opposite side of the river were the Hudson's Bay Company, the Catholic Mission and English Mission, and a small settlement of half-breeds. The Hudson's Bay manager's wife was a dear, good friend of mine. She said that even if our husbands were rivals in the fur trade, it was no reason why we could not be friends when they were not after furs. So we spent many a happy evening with them. She understood quite a bit about medicine, and we generally went up to her if anyone was sick. She was always willing and ready to help. I remember going over to the Fort, as their place was called, to have her brother, who was the only one around with a dentist's forceps, pull a tooth for me. His sister held my head while he pulled the tooth. I got relief.

"In the winter there would be a dance every week or so in some of the houses in the settlement. Of course, we were all invited. There would be square dances and jigs -- none of the other dances had reached that far north in those days, though I hear they are quite up to date now.

"We had a cutter and a nice team of very lively horses, so it did not take us long to go across the river once the ice was strong enough to hold a team.

"There was Church every Sunday. Some of the people were Protestants and some were Catholics. The missions used to take the Indian children and educate them. When they were first brought in from the camps, they were bathed and given some clean clothes.

"When spring came and the mighty Peace opened up again, it was some sight to see the huge pieces of ice pile one on top of the other in their mad rush to get going down-stream. The river at Vermilion is a mile wide when high water; but when low, there are islands which make the crossing much easier.

"In the spring the ice would rush against the ends of these islands and carry the standing trees away. We always tried to be on the bank when the ice started, for then you might think it was an army of cannon going off. The people are always afraid of floods, and they have had a couple of bad ones. We were always ready to pull to higher ground. One

year while we were there, we even had our horses harnessed and at the door, for the water was dangerously high.

"After the snow and ice had cleared from the roads and rivers, the pack horses were got ready for their trip to Hay River to trade with the Indians there. This took my husband some days away from home. On his return, the winter's trade of fur was put into packs, pressed down by a horse baler, and tied with raw hide. Each bale, I think, weighed 100 pounds. It was ready then to be put in the scows when the river was free of drift wood.

"When we had a few spare hours, we used to go horseback riding. I had a lovely little mare, a pacer that my husband had bought for me. He and I had many a lively race.

"We generally left for our trip out to Edmonton the first part of May, but if the water was very high the journey would have to be later. The fur and provisions were stored in the scow, which is a large, flat-bottomed boat with oars on each side. If I remember correctly, it took ten to twelve men to

handle it up-stream. If the water was low enough, they would be able to track; that is, there was a long rope fastened to the front of the boat, and at every so many feet along the rope, there were shoulder straps which the men slipped over their heads onto their shoulders. Then they would walk along the shore, pulling the boat. A man stood in the bow of the boat with a long pole to keep the boat from going too close to the shore; another man stood at the stern with a sweep to steer it. We had 300 miles of river to travel. If the water was too high to track, then the men had to use poles and the oars. The oars on the outside -- or the river side -- of the boat would be pulled by some of the men; other men would take long poles and on the bank side of the boat, would stick their poles in the bank and walk the length of the scow along a wide board. They would then walk up the other side where the oarsmen were. They kept on going round and round, and every once in a while, they would change off with the oarsmen. There were times

when the river would be so high that they could not get bottom with their poles, and would have to catch the brush and trees growing along the bank and pull the boat up that way. One year the river was so high it took us twenty-one days to make the 300 miles. On these trips we always killed a moose or two, which helped out a great deal with the provisions.

"We camped along the river, made our beds -- when we could -- of spruce boughs, put up our tent, and slept like tops, but we were always on our way again between three and four in the morning. We cooked all our food -- fried bacon, moose meat (when we had it), boiled tea, bannock, syrup, and white beans -- at the open fire. The meals were: early breakfast, forenoon lunch, dinner, afternoon lunch, and supper. The work was so hard that the men had to stop and eat often, and I could always eat with them. I guess it was fighting the mosquitos that made me hungry. I used to help get the meals which I suppose gave me an appetite, too.

"I will never forget the first trip out. I thought I would go crazy from a tooth ache. Many's the time I walked the bank of that river in terrible pain. Creosote was the only thing we had that would give any relief, but after awhile that had no effect, and only helped to spoil the other teeth.

"We would arrive at Peace River Crossing eventually, and then go on up-river fifteen miles to my brother-in-law's place for a rest for a few days. The fur was taken down to Peace River Crossing, loaded in wagons for the trip over the 100 miles portage to Lesser Slave Lake. That year, crossing this portage, my husband and I started from Peace River in a two-wheeled cart. We did not get very many miles before our cart broke down, and I had to get on a spring seat on top of a double box wagon filled with packs of fur and driven by my brother-in-law. He had a four-in-hand team of broncos which had been brought in off the prairies a few days before, and were pretty wild. The road that spring, was very dry, and we were going through a dried creek, the wheel horses, instead of staying on the road, went up on the bank,

which upset wagon and all. I landed in the bottom of the creek in some nice soft mud which half buried me. My husband who was riding the horse which we had hitched to the cart, jumped in beside me and tried to pull me out, but as my foot was caught under the seat, I had to stay there until they could loosen it. There was some excitement for a while. To make matters worse, there was no water around to wash the mud off my face, so I had to travel that way until we came to the next camp. There were only certain places to camp -- where there was water fit to use. It wasn't a very pleasant feeling, I can say, to have that mud on my face, and I often think of it now when I read about people putting mud packs on their faces to remove wrinkles. If it feels anything like mine did, I don't think they would want to do it twice. I wouldn't.

"The rest of the journey was made without any mishaps. Those years the Slave Lake was very high, and we were able to load our boat at the English Mission Landing. In later years we had to travel by wagon around the lake to the Hudson's Bay Landing which was quite a few

miles further on. Then our trip started across the lake, down Lesser Slave River, and down the Athabasca to Athabasca Landing. From there we had to hire wagons to bring us to Edmonton, 100 miles more. Then I was at my journey's end, for my father and mother still lived there. What rejoicing and tears, when they found we were back safe and sound again! My husband and his brother had their fur to sell which was generally sold to the highest bidder. Fur buyers would come from everywhere to be in Edmonton to bid on the winter's catch.

"After the fur was sold, there was the year's supply of goods and food stuff to buy. Thus it was about two weeks before we were ready to start on our trip back north again. It was the same old thing all the way back -- sit in the boat and fight mosquitos. This time I took my sister back with me so I didn't find the time so long.

"On our trips in and out, we always stopped at the English Mission at Slave Lake and generally had a meal with them. They were always glad to see any one passing through, and made you most welcome. My husband's father was one of the first missionaries in the North Country, and

took the first prize ever given for Peace River wheat at the Chicago World's Fair. It was grown on the mission farm. However, he had left the country before we were married and had returned east because of his wife's ill health.

"We arrived home that fall, and shortly after, our first child was born. My nurse and doctor was an old half-breed lady who used to take care of all the little ones born up there. She was a dear old lady, and one I shall never forget as she helped and comforted me at the birth of three of my children. ~~700~~ miles from doctor or nurse. But they were all healthy children and are all still alive and married, and three of them have families of their own.

"The next year we travelled in a Petersborough canoe; and a very dangerous trip it was. The water was very high, and many times we were nearly swamped, for the water had washed so much of the ground away from around the roots of the trees, that often they would fall with a terrible crash into the water just ahead of us or just after we had passed. As I had my

baby girl on my lap, and the canoe so heavily loaded with fur, it was breath-taking at times. We had two large canoes and another trader had two. We always made a party of our trips, and a couple of traders travelled together. That year we traveled up a very dangerous piece of swift water, and one canoe was supposed to keep behind the other, far enough so the tracking lines would not interfere with the other canoe; for if it did, the canoe would be upset by the rope being drawn across it. Our canoe was ahead, and my husband wanted the man in the other one to stay back for he knew what would happen if they didn't. However, they thought they knew as much as he did, so they brought their line over our canoe. My husband saw what would happen and called to them to stop, but they would not, so to prevent being capsized, my husband caught up a large knife that was always handy, and cut their rope. Of course, the men sprawled on the bank, and their canoe with the other men started going down stream. But they soon got it to shore, and the trackers went back after it. As soon as we were through the swiftest part, we pulled to shore and waited for them. Of course, they

didn't think there was danger, but they were mighty careful to stay far enough behind after that. My husband had traveled that river so often that he knew all the bad places.

"Another thing I recall on that trip up the Peace River, was that I was very thin that year, and my rings were quite loose. I had my wedding ring, my engagement ring and a ring belonging to my sister-in-law, which some one had taken from their place at Peace River Landing down to Vermilion the fall before. She had asked me to bring it back to her. I had the three rings on my fingers, and while washing my hands they had slipped off into the basin of water. My baby was crying, and I forgot all about the rings. As soon as I had dried my hands, I ran to pick up thechild, leaving the water in the basin. My husband came to gather up the things to put into the canoe, and picking up the basin, threw the water as far as he could -- as he said afterwards, he had tried to see how far he could throw it. He said he heard something scrape on the side

of the basin but thought it was one of the safety pins I always had around. In my hurry I never thought about my rings and did not miss them until we were five miles up-stream when I happened to look down at my hand and discover they were gone. Then I said in a frightened voice, 'Oh! my rings!' My husband turned and asked what about them. When I said they were gone, he thought I must have been trailing my hands in the water of the river, and they had come off. I told him I remembered their coming off in the basin when I washed my hands. It was early in the morning and quite dark under the trees. My husband had not seen the rings when he had thrown out the water. He said he couldn't turn back, as it was too hard work paddling up-stream. The mosquitos were like a grey smoke in front of your face, so I had a little weep all to myself, for I had always heard that it was bad luck to lose your wedding ring, and besides, there was my sister-in-law's ring as well.

"With hard work and long hours, we at last reached Peace River Crossing which is the town of Peace River now, but was then just a

Hudson's Bay trading post and police barracks. My husband told me he would go up and invite the police down to have dinner with us, for we had some fresh moose meat. I got dinner ready at the outside fire, and got on my best bib-and-tucker, which was my only long dress. I wore ankle-length dresses until I was married. I saw that I had used all the water that was left for me, so I took the baby who was only toddling then, and went to the river for water. Not knowing that they tied a rope to the pail and threw it over the bank when they got the water when the river was high, I started down to the water's edge leaving the baby on the bank. I had taken only a few steps when my foot struck some wet clay and away I went, pail and all, plump into the foaming brine! My skirt, long and wide, with stiffening part way to the waist, spead out and acted as a balloon. I started to float away down-stream. As it happened, there was a curve in the bank, and the eddy drew me in close enough to catch onto some bushes. By that time my dress and underskirt were getting soaked through, and I had a terrible struggle dragging myself up. Every time I

put my foot up, I would step on the wet skirt. I knew there was no use calling for help. The barracks were a good two miles away, and no one would have heard me. It would only have frightened my little girl who was patiently waiting for mama to come back to her. I finally managed to get out, and when my husband and the police arrived back, I was back in my traveling clothes again but pretty shaky. When asked why I hadn't changed, I pointed to the clothes hung up to dry. When I told what had happened, my husband turned pale, and then told me about tying a rope to the bucket. He and the police went down to the shore, and there was the pail calmly floating around and around in the eddy. Had I not been able to drag myself up by those bushes, the pail would have been the only thing left to tell where I had gone, as I am sure the baby would have followed me into the river if I hadn't come back. As it is, I am here to tell the tale after more than forty years.

"On our return trip that fall while the raft was floating down the Peace River, we passed the place I had lost my rings. My husband took the canoe which was always tied to the raft, and went ashore to take a look around.

He knew exactly where he had thrown the water, and he found the rings, one lying one beyond the other. I hardly expected to see them again after lying in the woods all summer with so many wild birds and animals running over them. When my husband returned to the raft, I asked him whether he had found the rings. At first he said 'No' -- just to see how I would take it -- but when he saw how bad I felt about it, he pulled them out of his pocket. Wasn't I the happy one then, for my wedding ring was found!

"There are a lot of little things that happened in those twelve years on the Peace River which have been forgotten. My daughter and first son were born at Fort Vermilion three years apart. Three years later, when my third child was coming, the treaty was paid to the Indians up there for the first time. When the treaty doctor saw me, he advised that when we came out that spring, I should stayout to have my baby where I could have a doctor's care. So I stayed at my mother's until myson was thirteen days old, and then started back for the North. Many tears were shed as I was told I would never get him home alive.

"The first night out, I thought I would be the one who would pass out. The baby was so cross and I so all in! We stopped at a farm house over night, and the good wife asked me how old my baby was. When I told her thirteen days, she looked at me so funny and said, 'Good God, woman, are you crazy to start one trip with a baby that old?' I said I could have stayed at mother's, but I knew what a lonesome winter it would be ahead for my husband.

"Next day we started on. We had hired a democrat from one of the livery stables in Edmonton to take us as far as Athabasca Landing. On our way, the driver took a road on a side hill to escape some mud and upset us all out on the road. But luck was with us. The two elder children, aged three and six, were in the front seat with the driver, and my husband who was holding the baby at the time, and I were in the back seat. Had I been holding the baby, I am sure he would have been killed for I would have fallen on him . But when my husband saw we were going over he held the baby tight to him, and jumped which I think was his only salvation. Outside of a few scratches, we

were fine, and loaded up again. The two children were disappointed that the fruit we had taken along for them was all spoiled.

"I began to gain strength, and felt pretty good until the last day of the 100 mile portage across the Peace. Then I took sick, and if there hadn't been a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk and a nursing bottle, my baby would have fared poorly. The doctor had advised me to take them along. By the time our raft was ready to start down our last lap of the journey -- 300 miles -- I was so weak that I had to be helped onto it. It happened that Hudson's Bay manager was going down in their scow, and he gave us a bottle of wine to see if it would help me. I believe it was that wine that saved me! At first I could nnly take a teaspoon at a time, but was gradully able to take more and a little food. By the time I got home, I was feeling fairly well, but very weak. I had taken a girl down from the English mission at Lesser Slave Lake, so between the two of us we managed the baby, and I can say he was more alive than I was when we got home. He grew to be a big, strong fellow.

"Three more summers went by, with the same trip to Edmonton in the Spring, and back again in the Fall. One Spring while we were going up the river on a sunny day, we passed a cut bank and someone drew our attention to a large bundle of snakes all coiled around each other sunning themselves. One of the men took his rifle and shot in the midst of them. They soon scattered for shelter. They were the harmless kind; however, not very nice to run into. Another time we found a baby moose whose mother had been killed, and we took it in the boat with us. At night one of the boatmen would build a little correl for it, so it wouldn't stray. The man slept in beside the baby moose. If he didn't, the little thing would cry like a baby all night. We took it up to Peace River Crossing to my brother-in-law's place and gave it to him. He kept it for quite a few years, for moose will get very tame and will follow you around like a dog. He put a bell on its neck, but it finally disappeared, and he thought some of the Indian hunters must have killed it.

"My fourth child, a boy, was born at Vermilion on New Year's Eve. As New Year's was the

great day out there -- Kissing Day, it was called -- he was a mightily kissed baby. The people at the end of the settlement would harness their team to the sleigh and go on to the next house, kiss all around, have a cup of tea and drive on to the next house. It was just like a snow ball which keeps gathering as it comes along! By the time they had reached the trading post, there was quite a party. We had always baked dozens of pies, doughnuts and raisin cake ahead of time, and put a boiler of tea on the stove. The people from the settlement would first go to the Hudson's Bay Post, then come across to our place. The Indians would come to our place first, since it was closest, and then go over to the Hudson's Bay. They would eat as much as they could, and then put the rest that was given them in their shawls and take it away. But the best part of it was the way they all had to see me and the new white baby, and kiss him. Just imagine what the doctors and nurses would say if they say that today! Now if you want to see a new baby, you have to see it through a glass door. But being handled and kissed by as many as fifty breeds and Indians that day, did not hinder my baby from growing to be big, strong and a healthy man.

"I can truthfully say I have traveled that Peace River trail oftener than any white woman, for I traveled in and out every year for the seventeen years I was in the country. The year before we left the country, we came out on the Catholic Mission Boat, one of the first boats on the Peace River. The last trip up the Peace was on the Hudson's Bay steamer, but the rest of the way was by trail."

AFTERWORD

Alberta is 750 miles long and 450 miles wide. In my travels over this huge area, I have everywhere been treated with friendliness and appreciation for what I was trying to do. I have been in Alberta for a year, and the spell of the region is in my blood.

Every day new letters arrive. From Vulcan: "Dear Mr. Gard: I telled you in one letter that Coyote Charlie & Trapper Hill were same fellow. It seems to me he must be & I asked Walter Steiner & he said yes he knew Trapper Hill well. Then I writes Oliver Anderson he homesteaded two or three miles from Trapper Hill. Oliver he say that Trapper Hill he go to England to see King George 5 made up to King & while in England gets himself killed by car or truck and don't come back."

From the Peace River Country: "Dear Mr. Gard: You want to know about Alberta. Come on up. I ain't seen a human being for five years and I'll talk your leg off."

The people have so much to say, and we have told so little. We have skipped many places and many tales only because we haven't had the space to include them.

I should like to have told the story of the Mormons in southern Alberta; for theirs is a tale filled with courage and romance. The beautiful temple at Cardston stands as a monument to their faith and their progress.

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We have touched only the very edges of the great Rocky Mountain region, and thereby have left untold some of the famous tales of the West. There is, for instance, the story of the first funeral in Banff, when the deceased died with his right arm sticking straight out horizontal to his body. The ingenious undertaker couldn't bend that arm back, so without wasting any time, he cut a hole through the side of the coffin, stuck the man's arm out the hole, and covered it with a length of stovepipe. The ensuing funeral procession was one that Banff has always remembered.

There is a very beautiful legend about Castle Mountain, twenty miles from Banff, where the chinook wind is said to have her home. The

chinook is the little blind daughter of the great southwind. Sometimes in the dead of winter, the little chinook steals out of her hiding place in the Castle and blows through the mountain passes down onto the frozen flatlands, bringing with her a temporary springtime.

The Stoney Indians also have a beautiful legend about Lake Louise. When the world was very young, giants peopled the earth. A certain giant chief, a very famous hunter, was never satisfied with the number of animal monsters killed by his arrows or caught in his snares.

One day he saw a rainbow in the sky. The more he watched it, the more he wanted it, because he believed it would make him a magic bow. Climbing the tallest tree on earth, he tore the rainbow from its place, but when he grasped it, the colors melted. In exasperated anger, the giant dashed the rainbow against the nearest rocky peak, and it fell shattered to the bottom of the nearest lake. The gods of the elements then made another arch to hold up the sky when it rained, but the colors of the shattered rain-

bow are still seen spreading through the waters of Lake Louise.

Two other mountain stories should be mentioned. The first concerns an interesting ghost town near Castle Mountain. Very few persons passing the mountain station on the C. P. R. know that the once flourishing boom town of Silver City stood nearby; there is nothing to show where it was except a faint trace of the main street, filled-in cellars, old wells, and bits of rubble. But the old-timers in Banff will tell you that in 1883-84, Silver City hoped to be one of the really great towns of the West.

In 1881, a prospector named Joe Healey saw a Stoney Indian with a specimen of ore and induced him to show him where it had been found. Healey spread the news around, and when the railroad came through in 1883, the great trek to Silver City began.

Actually, not much silver was found. Some copper was located, and thousands of dollars spent in different "wildcat" developments, none of which came to anything. The romance of Silver City is not a romance of wealth, but of golden dreams and high hopes. Some of the mines had names like

"Queen o' the Hill" and "Home Stake". It is said that the "Queen o' the Hill" was a salted mine. One of the principal shareholders of this mine was offered $20,000 for his share, but he refused, hoping for a larger profit. A month later, his share wasn't worth a cent.

When Silver City was abandoned, the boards and logs of the houses were scattered far and wide. Some of them went to Banff; some were used by the railroad for section shacks; the prairies got some of them for homesteaders' houses. And of the 2000 men and women who once inhabited Silver City, no one is left. Until recently, Joe Smith, one of the original prospectors, lived there all alone; but now Joe is gone, too. The wind, the gophers, and Castle Mountain watch over Silver City.

The other story concerns the hot springs at Banff. In the old days, a trip to the springs was an undertaking for explorers.

"Two miles west of Banff," wrote a Calgary Herald reporter in 1885, "it is customary for the conductor of the tain, if the passengers have made themselves agreeable to him, to point out to them a mysterious vapor which is seen to be

hovering on the mountainside, as one would say, scarcely a hundred yards away. At the same time the train slows up, and those who wish to visit the region of the vapors are allowed to disembark.

"The place of disembarkation is not attractive, the mountains rise up all around, as mountains frequently do, and through the valley the line of rails glisten like a thread in the sunshine; but the ground is marshy, and the mountainside is covered with dead pines where the fire swept over them.

"One would not choose the spot for a holiday excursion or for building a summer hotel, and yet there is probably no place in Alberta which will be better known, or more frequently visited than this very spot . . . for it is there where the vapor is seen thatare to be found the newly discovered and presently to celebrated hot sulphur springs.

"On March 1st of this year a party of 'explorers' made up their minds to visit the springs. The party consisted of Conductor Horregan and Engine Driver Mott of the Railway; D. McKenzie and T. C. Grant, and an individual called 'the

Little Joker'.

"Crossing the marsh to the south, and the Bow River winding through it, the party began to ascend the mountainside. Presently they came across a little stream trickling down. McKenzie dipped his hands in it and found it tepid. Ascending for half a mile among the dead pines, along an easy trail they came to a huge rock.

"Vapor was rising up at its foot, almost obscuring it. Coming into the vapor they found themselves at the edge of a pool about ten feet square with water in it, from four to seven feet deep. They had no thermometer with them, but as near as they could judge, the temperature was nearly eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It was a sulphur spring of undoubted quality. They bathed in it, of course, and found their bodies floating in a not uncomfortable manner.

"Above their heads, however, another volume of vapor was seen rising out of the bare ground, and the party concluded to investigate. They went up the trail for about a hundred yards, and came to a hole in the ground about six by four, and a cloud of steam ascending out of it.

Close to the hole was a log hut. The hut seemed to show that a Canadian citizen laid discovery claim to the spring, and such indeed it turned out, Frank McCabe being his name. Standing in the door of his hut, Frank McCabe said, 'Want to see my spring, boys?'

"That being what they came for, preparations were made to investigate the hole. Little Joker got a couple of pine saplings and a rope, and his companions lowered him into the hole. Nothing was visible beneath from above, except the cloud of vapor ascending. Little Joker went down to a depth of forty feet, when he struck water.

"Looking around, he found himself in a vault-like dome. The light streamed in from the opening above, and shone upon the sides of the dome. Crystals glittered in every direction and threw a thousand lights above. The water was hot; so hot that, getting an egg from McCabe, Little Joker found he could boil it in the water.

"Presently they found they could make a ladder out of pine saplings, and the whole party descended. The floor of the cave was covered with

water four to ten feet deep. In one direction the spring seemed to have an outlet, and they followed it for twenty feet. In the center it bubbled like a cauldron, and one of them, stepping into the cauldron, was tossed up like a piece of wood. It was a wonderful sight, truly.

"None of the explorers had ever seen anything like it. They remained there for some time and listened to McCabe's story of how he had found it. He had come across it by accident while prospecting. He saw the value at once, and set about securing it. He built a hut on the edge, and sent in an application to the Dominion Government. He has not been given possession yet, but expects it soon. Of course he was going to build a summer hotel there and make his pile out of it. It would be a shame if the Government refused him his patent!"

The actual discovery of the springs was the joint effort of old-timer Billy McCardell, his brother Tom, and McCabe. When the Dominion Government didn't act immediately on the patent, Billy got a job at the "end of steel" cutting ties. Suddenly Billy got a message from his brother to rush back. When he returned, he

found that McCabe had sold the trio's rights. Billy and his brother rushed to Calgary and engaged a young lawyer named James Lougheed (later Sir James). Lougheed sent a wire, the longest up to that time over the new telegraph wires, to the Minister of the Interior. The wire cost Billy $21.50, but it was worth it. The wire explained that McCabe didn't have the power to sell the property without the consent of his partners. The deal was headed off, but to no avail. The Dominion Government got the property; Billy got $900 as his share; Banff got a world-wide attraction.

We have left untouched, also, a vast part of the great north country -- a land filled with lore, and one which breeds an endless speculation on the future. Watching the trucks go north by day and by night; seeing the men who have come out of the north and hearing their tales of giant's deeds, it becomes apparent that the north stands now at the threshold of its destiny.

If Alberta was once the "last frontier", it has become a "new frontier"; for through Alberta have poured and will continue to pour, the men and machines, the brains, courage, and ingenuity

to open up this great, rich northern empire.

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The procession was a long one and took a long while to pass. When the prairie twilight had dimmed out the last faint figure I felt sad, because I didn't know a single person in the whole, long line. Johnny, however, said he could fix that for me and he did, for not long afterward I met him in the foothills country on a very blue day in autumn. It was remarkable how he became in turn the leading figures of the processinn we had witnessed.

Who is Johnny Dunn? Well, Johnny, according to some, is one percent man and ninety-nine percent straigh t liar. According to others Johnny is a big fellow, something like Paul Bunyan, with a voice that on still days you can hear for twenty miles. There are those who'll tell you that Johnny is just a little guy with a big reputation--especially when it comes to spinning yarns.

Actually, I know Johnny as a pure figment of the imagination. A figment who is supposed to represent all the imagination in Alberta rolled into one ordinary, run-o'-the-mill, everyday or garden variety of man.

Johnny finds it very convenient to be a figment, because as a figment he's been just about every place there is in Alberta, and has seen and done about everything, too. Johnny, in fact, has been lumberman,

rafter, railroader, homesteader, newspaperman, hotelkeeper, rancher, schoolteacher, politician, surveyor, trader, Indian Chief, bootlegger, Mounted Policeman, lawyer, doctor, preacher, and a lot of other things. Johnny, in a word, is everybody in Alberta (or maybe anybody anywhere) who loves a good story. That takes in just about the entire population.

Knowing Johnny as I do, I can tell you that he's not always a liar. The yarns in this book are all Johnny's, and some of 'em, he assures me, are gospel truth.

Maybe you know a different version of a tale than the one Johnny tells. This is quite possible for these tales have echoed before around the campfire, in the bunkhouse, in the hotel bar and across the dinner table; in the conversations of preachers and rakes, rich men and poor.

The composite of the people and the stories in this book equals Johnny Dunn. I hope you enjoy meeting him.

The other story concerns the hot springs at Banff. In the old days, a trip to the springs was an undertaking for explorers.

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CHINOOK CALLING

BACKGROUNDS, TRADITIONS, HUMOR and TALES of the ALBERTA PEOPLE

By

ROBERT E. GARD and DONALD CAMERON

lived in the speculative atmosphere of weather close to the margin--the margin which spells the difference between abundance and scarcity. And which has made Southern Alberta the greatest " next year country on earth".

The story of Southern Alberta is the story of the ranching country from about 1870 to 1900, and of ranching and wheat growing from 1900 to the present day. The story is at once the most colorful and exciting of our western heritage, and the people who made it established the traditions and legends which have become a rich part of Canadian life. Probably in no part of Canada have the elements of adventure and romance been combined in such generous measure.

JOHNNY CHINOOK by F. Good

Did you ever hear of Johnny Chinook? If you live out West you've surely heard of him, and if you live down East--well, this is a good time to find out about Johnny.

You see, ~~xxxxxx~~ in the Province of Alberta, Johnny is supposed to be anybody who can tell a good tale. That means that Johnny is likely to be a farmer, storekeeper, rancher, lawyer, doctor, realestate man, trader, trapper--in fact, anybody who does anything is likely to be Johnny.

Johnny is certainly an interesting fellow. Some say he's one percent man and ninety-nine percent straight liar! Others say that Johnny never told a lie in his life; that he sticks closer to the truth than a burr does to your dog's neck. As for myself, I think that Johnny just tells tales for the sheer joy of telling them. He knows that he's a pleasant companion, and he wants you to know it too.

One thing that makes Johnny so remarkable is that you never know where or when he's going to pop up. One day you may find him in the ranching country watching the cowboys brand the new stock. The next day you may come across him away up north in the country along the Alaska Highway. The following day maybe you'll spot him riding a Chinook wind across the mountains and down onto the prairies. Johnny got his name from the Chinook wind, ~~xxxx~~ that warm, gentle wind that ~~xxxxx~~ sometimes ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ turns winter into spring, ~~for a little while~~.

Unusual things are always happening to Johnny. Take, for instance, one time about 6 years ago when Johnny was living up in the Peace River Country.

It was abitter cold night.. The snow was crisp and dry.. The air was so still you could have heard your shadow's knees creak..

In Johnny's cabin he was having some trouble with his wife.. She was a big, fierce woman and she was saying:

" Johnny Chinook, I haven't got a speck of flour in the house!! If you want any supper you'll have to go across the valley and borrow a cup of flour from the neighbor!!"

"Tonight," yelled Johnny, " you mean I've got to cross that valley tonight? Why, I'll freeze!!"

But Johnny's wife walked over to Johnny and jerked him up on his feet and said, "Get out there Johnny Chinook, and bring me some flour! Might have some flapjacks if you make it back.. You better wear your snowshoes! Better take a pack!"

" What's the use taking a pack, " moaned Johnny Chinook."I'm going to freeze to death anyway. Might as well freeze traveling light!"

So Johnny went out and slammed the door. It was a bitter night and a bitter chore.. As he walked he talked to himself:

" Old foo' woman! Sending me out on the coldest night of the year! Don't know why I put up with it at all! Going to get me a deevorce, that's what I'm going to do! Won't have her shouting down my throat ~~no~~ any more!! Whew! Mighty cold! Mighty cold!! "

And then Johnny heard a sound, and a mighty mysterious sound it was.. Seemed to come from away off, yet seemed right near, too.. A mournful, wistful, chilling sound! Johnny knew what it was, of course.. He knew that it was the wolf pack on his trail!

Wohnung?

Arbeit.

Johnny Chinook began to run. In the deep snow he made mighty fast time, even if he did have snowshoes on! But the wolf pack was closing in on him. Johnny could almost feel their breath! He could almost hear them breathing!

Johnny was so scared that he'd even have been glad to see his wife again. He ran faster and faster! Finally, away down ahead he saw a lone tree. The tree had a single branch sticking out about thirty feet above the ground. By this time the wolves were snapping at Johnny's heels so he put everything he had into a final burst of speed and jumped for that limb.

You're asking, of course, "Did Johnny catch that limb that was thirty feet above the ground?"

Why certainly! He caught it coming down! He grabbed hold of it, swung himself up onto the limb and there he was, safe for the moment!

The wolves sat around in a circle down there below and looked hungrily up at Johnny Chinook. Finally the first and the biggest wolf broke the silence he said:

" You might as well come on down, Johnny Chinook. Looks like we got you."

But Johnny answered right back: "You wolves can go right on home, because I'm not coming down, and that's final!"

"He's a stubborn old cuss, isn't he?" said the first wolf, " what'll we do to meet the situation, boys?"

"Guess we'd might as well lope on our way," replied the second wolf. "Shucks, Johnny'd be poor eatin' anyway."

" Listen, fellows, " said the third wolf, " I got an idea, and right now I'm so hungry I could eat a horse and chase its rider! Huddle around me and I'll tell you."

Johnny could see the wolves were planning something, but he couldn't hear what they were saying. In a little while, though, the first wolf looked up at Johnny and said, " Well, Johnny, we'll be going. Looks like you won this time! Congratulations, Johnny!"

So the wolves began to drift away and after a little while they were all gone. Johnny Chinook was feeling mighty stiff and cold by this time, and he began to edge in a bit on the limb. He had taken hold of the tree trunk and was just beginning to slide down when to his horror he saw the wolves coming back. He saw too, that the two biggest wolves were carrying something on their backs!

Johnny jumped again for his seat on the limb, and the only thing he could think of was a hymn. And the title of that hymn was " Throw out the Lifeline!" Because those two big wolves were carrying a big beaver between 'em!

They put the beaver down by the tree and the first wolf said, " Get to work, Beaver! " To Johnny Chinook he said, " Well, Johnny, looks like we got you this time!"

The beaver was making the chips fly and the tree was already beginning to sway when Johnny got an idea. He tied his snowshoes on for wings and flew home to his big, fierce wife. The first thing she said to Johnny as she saw him come skimming across the sky to light right by the front door was, " Johnny Chinook, you came home without the flour! I'm going to skin you alive!""

After this close call that Johnny Chinook had up in the

Peace River Country he thought he better go down into Southern Alberta for a while. He might be a little safer down there. But poor Johnny was hounded by bad luck everywhere he went. No sooner had Johnny arrived in Southern Alberta when the food ran out!

You see, it was the coldest winter in the memory of man! The cattle couldn't find a thing to eat. In some places the snow was forty feet deep!

Oner at the little settlement of Morleyville in the foothills the snow was almost up to the skies! When the Indians came to Morley church they rode on top of the snow and tied their horses right onto the steeple! They'd tie their horses onto the steeple, go down through a snow tunnel to the door of the church, attend services, then come out, get on their horses and ride away!

Johnny saw that something would have to be done or he and his whole family would starve to death. He hitched up his horse to the sleigh and set off for Calgary sixty miles away.

Calgary was in bad shape, too. The snow was so deep the mail carrier missed Calgary altogether and was half-way to Cochrane, twenty miles west, before he knew he'd missed the big town.

Johnny's horse had very rough going, and when he was about twenty miles from Calgary Johnny looked over his shoulder and saw a wondrous sight! It looked like the whole arch of heaven forming just over the tops of the mountains. Johnny knew right away that this was a sure-enough Chinook arch, and that in just a minute there'd be warm air puffing

all around him. He knew that this air would be so warm that it would melt the snow like magic!! He had to keep his sleigh ahead of that Chinook wind..

He whipped up his old horse and they went faster and faster.. But the wind came puffing along behind.. The horse and Johnny and the front end of the sleigh just kept ahead of the wind and the front runners were on the snow. The back runners,, however,, were raising a big dust storm!!

Don't forget,, too,, that the Indians were in church at Morley,, and that they'd tied their horses onto the steeple of the church.. Well,, you may not believe it,, but the Chinook melted all that deep snow.. When Johnny came driging a wagon back from Calgary he saw the Indians horses hanging down from the steeple just like big Christmas bells!!

There was one other time when Johnny ran out of grub. He'd been hunting for days and days and had only one bullet left for his gun.. Suddenly he heard ducks quacking.. He crawled along until he could see them,, and he saw that there were nine ducks,, one in each bend of a crooked little stream.. He wanted those nine ducks!!

Suddenly he saw how to get them all!. He put his trusty gun across his knee and carefully bent the barrel to exactly correspond to the bends in the stream.. Then he took careful aim at the first duck and pulled the trigger!!

The bullet hit the first duck and following the other bends in the stream, hit all the other ducks too.. Johnny picked up his ducks and went home.. His family had a fine duck dinner!.

Keep your eyes open for Johnny Chinook.. If you hear anybody telling a tall story you ask him if his name is Johnny Chinook.. He may say no,, but you can bet that if the story is tall enough,, and good enough,, and is about almost any part of ~~Canada~~ Alberta,, then the teller's name is Johnny.. Johnny Chinook.

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One thing that makes Johnny so remarkable is that you never know where or when he's going to pop up. One day you may find him in the ranching country watching the cowboys brand new stock. The next day you may come across him away up north in the country along the Alaska

Highway. The following day maybe you'll spot him riding a Chinook wind across the mountains and down onto the prairies. Johnny got his name from the Chinook wind -- that warm, gentle, western wind that sometimes turns winter into spring.

Unusual things are always happening to Johnny. Take, for instance, one time about fifty years ago when Johnny was living up in the Peace River Country.

It was a bitter cold night. The snow was crisp and dry. The air was so still you could have heard your shadow's knees creak.

In Johnny's cabin he was having some trouble with his wife. She was a big, fierce woman and she was saying:

"Johnny Chinook, I haven't got a speck of flour in the house! If you want any supper you'll have to go across the valley and borrow a cup of flour from the neighbor!"

"Tonight?" yelled Johnny, "You mean I've got to cross that valley tonight? Why, I'll freeze!"

But Johnny's wife walked over to Johnny and jerked him up on his feet and said, "Get out there, Johnny Chinook, and bring me some flour! Might have some flapjacks if you make it back. You better wear your snowshoes. Better take a pack!"

"What's the use of taking a pack?" moaned Johnny. "I'm going to freeze to death anyway. Might as well freeze traveling light!"

So Johnny went out and slammed the door. It was a bitter night and a bitter chore. As he walked he talked to himself:

"Old fool woman! Sealing me out on the coldest night of the year! Don't know why I put up with it at all! Going to get me a deevorce, that's what I'm going to do! Won't have her shouting down my throat any more! Whew! Mighty cold! Mighty cold!"

And then Johnny heard a sound, and a mighty mysterious sound it was. Seemed to come from away off, yet seemed right near, too. A mournful, wistful, chilling sound! Johnny knew what it was, of course. He knew that it was the wolf pack on his trail!

Johnny Chinook began to run. In the deep snow he made mighty fast time, even if he did have snowshoes on! But the wolf pack was closing in on him. Johnny could almost feel their breath! He could almost hear them breathing!

Johnny was so scared that he'd even have been glad to see his wife again. He ran faster and faster. Finally away down ahead he saw a lone tree. The tree had a single branch sticking out about thirty feet above the

ground. By this time the wolves were snapping at Johnny's heels as he put everything he had into a final burst of speed and jumped for that limb.

You're asking, of course, "Did Johnny catch that limb that was thirty feet above the ground?"

Why, certainly! He caught it coming down! He grabbed hold if it, swung hi self up onto the limb and there he was, safe for the moment!

The wolves sat around in a circle down there below and looked hungrily up at Johnny Chinook. Finally the first and the biggest wolf broke the silence. He said, "You might as well come on down, Johnny Chinook. Looks like we got you."

But Johnny answered right back, "You wolves can go right on home, because I'm not coming down, and that's final!"

"He's a stubborn old cuss," said the first wolf. "What'll we do to meet the situations, boys?"

"Guess we'd might as well lope on our way," replied the second wolf. Shucks, Johnny'd be poor eatin' anyway."

"Listen, fellow," said the third wolf, "I got an idea, and right now I'm so hungry I could eat a horse and chase its rider! Huddle around me and I'll tell you."

Johnny could see the wolves were planning something, but he couldn't hear what they were saying. In a little while, though, the first wolf looked up at Johnny and said, "Well, Johnny, we'll be going. Looks like you won this time! Congratulations, Johnny!"

So the wolves began to drift away and after a little while they were all gone. Johnny Chinook was feeling mighty stiff and cold by this time, and he began to edge in a bit on the limb. He had taken hold of the tree trunk and was just beginning to slide down when to his horror he saw the wolves coming back. He saw, too, that the two biggest wolves were carrying something on their backs!

Johnny jumped again for his seat on the limb and the only thing he could think of was a hymn. And the title of that hymn was: Throw Out the Lifeline! Because those two big wolves were carrying a big beaver between 'em!

They put the beaver down by the tree, and the first wolf said, "Get to work, Beaver!" To Johnny Chinook, he said, "Well, Johnny, looks as if we got you this time!"

The beaver was making the chips fly, and the tree was already beginning to sway when Johnny got an idea. He tied his snowshoes on for wings and flew home to his big, fierce wife.

The first thing she said to Johnny was, "Johnny Chinook, you come home without the flour! I'm going to skin you alive!"

After this close call that Johnny Chinook had up in the Peace River Country, he thought he'd better go down into Southern Alberta for a while. He might be a little safer down there. But poor Johnny was hounded by bad luck everywhere he went. No sooner had Johnny arrived in Southern Alberta when the food ran out!

You see, it was the coldest winter in the memory of man! The cattle couldn't find a thing to eat. In some places the snow was forty feet deep!

Over at the little settlement of Morleyville in the foothills, the snow was almost up to the skies. When the Indians came to Morley Church they rode on top of the snow and tied their horses right onto the steeple! They'd tie their horses onto the steeple, go down through a snow tunnel to the door of the church, attend services, then come out, get on their horses and ride away!

Johnny saw that something would have to be done or he and his whole family would starve to death. He hitched up his horse to the sleigh and set off for Calgary sixty miles away.

Calgary was in bad shape, too. The snow was so deep the mail carrier missed Calgary altogether and was half-way to Cochrane, twenty miles west, before he knew

he'd missed the big town.

Johnny's horse had very rough going, and when he was about twenty miles from Calgary, Johnny looked over his shoulder and saw a wondrous sight! It looked as if the whole arch of heaven was forming just over the tops of the mountains. Johnny knew right away that this was a sure-enough Chinook arch and in just a minute there'd be warm air puffing all around him. He knew that this air would be so warm that it would melt the snow like magic. He had to keep his sleigh ahead of that Chinook wind.

He whipped up his old horse and they went faster and faster. But the wind came puffing along behind. The horse and Johnny and the front end of the sleigh just kept ahead of the wind and the front runners were on the snow. The back runners, however, were raising a big dust storm!

Don't forget, too, that the Indians were in church at Morley, and that they'd tied their horses onto the steeple of the church. Well, you may not believe it, but the chinook melted all that deep snow. When Johnny came driving a wagon back from Calgary he saw the Indians' horses hanging down from the steeple just like big Christmas bells!

There was one other time when Johnny ran out of grub. He'd been hunting for days and days and had only

one bullet left for his gun. Suddenly he heard ducks quacking. He crawled along until he could see them and he saw that there were nine ducks, one in each bend of a crooked little stream. He wanted those nine ducks!

Suddenly he saw how to get them all! He put his trusty gun across his knee and carefully bent the barrel to exactly correspond to the bends in the stream. Then he took careful aim at the first duck and pulled the trigger!

The bullet hit the first duckand following the other bends in the stream hit all the other ducks, too. Johnny picked up his ducks and his crooked gun and went home. His family had a fine duck dinner!

Yes, Johnny likes wild duck, but more than anything he likes to eat wild goose. One fall he was up in Central Alberta. Johnny usually goes to Central Alberta in the fall since the wild geese come there in thousands.

Johnny arrived at the shores of his favorite lake and began to watch for the geese. He was certainly hungry for his favorite food!

The geese, however, failed to arrive, and day after day Johnny sat waiting. Finally, just as he was getting ready to go back to Morley where he was living at the time, he saw a lone flock of geese approaching.

Johnny watched them eagerly, but alas! they alighted

far, far out on the lake. Johnny sat for awhile watching them. They were too far away to shoot. All the time Johnny was getting hungrier and hungrier. The more he thought about how hungry he was, the more he knew that he had to get those geese!

Once again Johnny's great imagination came to his aid. He suddenly got up and, running to his camp on the shores of the lake, he quickly sliced a deer skin into long cords and at the end of each cord he made a running noose.

He then cut a young tree that was shaped like a long whip and quickly tieing the tree and the long cords to his body he rushed to the lake and dove in. He swam with all his might toward the feeding geese.

As he neared the geese he sank beneath the surface and when he had swum right under them he unfastened the cords and with deft fingers slipped a noose around each pair of legs within reach. Moving this way and that he secured almost enough geese to provide a feast for half the people of Alberta!

Then he poppoed out of the water right in the midst of the birds and slapped the water a great whack with his stick. The geese rose from the water with a great flapping and honking. Johnny, who was holding onto all the cords for dear life went with the geese, right into the sky!

Probably nobody had ever driven such strange steeds before, but Johnny was equal to his task. By pulling on first one line than another he steered his winged horses toward his camp on the shore of the lake. As they approached the camp, Johnny began to haul in on the lines, and as goose after goose came within his reach, he would deal it a great whack with his stick! When this happened the goose would fall to the length of its cord, thereby acting as a brake.

When Johnny arrived right over his camp he desperately hauled in on the rest of the lines and smote right and left with his stick. Each blow lessened the speed of his flight, and as the supporting geese decreased in number, he gradually descended until, with the last few struggling birds, he gently landed on the ground right in front of his camp!

He then invited the people from miles around to the greatest goose feast ever known in Alberta!

Johnny was very fond of turnips, too. He was so fond of them that he thought he'd grow the biggest turnip that was ever heard of anywhere.

He sent to South Carolina for a seed of the biggest turnip that was ever grown down south. The South Carolina folks sent Johnny a seed. They said they were very sorry but the biggest turnip ever grown in South Carolina was only as big as a wash-tub. That was the best they were

able to do.

Johnny knew, of course, that if the South Carolina folks could grow a turnip as big as a wash tub, he could grow a much bigger one up in Alberta. (Johnny claimed that he once grew some bananas at Calgary.)

He planted the turnip seed and waited. All during the summer, around the place where he had planted it, Johnny could feel the ground shake and tremble, just as if there was an earthquake going on.

When fall came Johnny thought it was time to dig up his <u>big</u> turnip. He got a pick and shovel and worked for several days, but he didn't make much progress -- the turnip was <u>really</u> big.

One afternoon, after several days of steady digging, Johnny was leaning on his shovel wondering how to get the big root out of the ground. Suddenly the big turnip began to tremble and shake. Johnny couldn't understand that so he went around on the other side of the turnip to see what was the matter. What do you think he saw?

He saw his big, fierce wife and his hired man trying to get the big turnip out with the dar jack!

Keep your eyes open for Johnny Chinook. If you hear anybody telling a tall story you ask him if his name is Johnny Chinook. He may say "no" but you can bet that if the story is tall enough, and good enough, and is

about almost any part of Alberta, then the teller's name is sure to be Johnny -- Johnny Chinook.

BOOK ONE

THE SHORT GRASS PLAINS

THE SHORT GRASS PLAINS

When Capt. John Palliser and his colleagues were making their survey of "that territory which lies between the Laurentian Shield on the east, and the Rocky Mountains on the west," for the British Government in the years 1857-60, the party traversed much of the territory we now know as the brown soil or short grass plains area of Western Canada. Palliser divided the land he saw into two classes. The northern, wooded, park country he called the "fertile belt", and the rolling treeless, short grass plains, the semi-arid desert or "true prairie". He believed that the northern "fertile belt" had all the requisites for maintaining a permanent agricultural population, but he did not think the "true prairie" was suitable for such purposes.

As a result of his explorations, Palliser foretold with remarkable accuracy what was to be the history of settlement in a large part of the country which has since become known as Palliser's Triangle.

Palliser's Triangle, as far as Canada is concerned, had its base on the 49th parallel

from a point near Turtle Mountain in Manitoba, westward to a point on the international boundary, near the present port of entry of Carway in Alberta. From Turtle Mountain the Triangle, which was more nearly an irregular pentagon, angled northwestward through what is now the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan to a point a few miles south of the present city of Saskatoon. From there the line angled mostly west by south, crossing the Alberta boundary near the site of the present village of McLaughlin and continuing to a point known as Bow Fort on the present Calgary-Banff highway. From Bow Fort the line angled slightly southeastward again, until, just east of the foothills it cut the international boundary at Carway.

Actually, the territory that Palliser included within his famous Triangle is simply the northwestern extension of the great North American prairie plains. This region, in addition to the Canadian portion, includes parts of the six northern plains states of the United States. It includes the western four-fifths of the states of North and South Dakota and Nebraska, the northeastern corner

of Colorado, the eastern third of Wyoming and the eastern two-thirds of Montana. This large northern plains region is one of the great distinctive regional areas of North America and one which presents some of the most challenging and fruitful sources of study and investigation for the historian, the sociologist, the economist and the agriculturalist.

The whole region is distinct from other regions of Canada and the United States. The people who have lived there for twenty, thirty, forty or sixty years or more have developed a distinctive way of living and a different outlook on life to that of the people who live on the Pacific Coast or in Eastern Canada and in the eastern United States. That distinctive attitude and way of life of the acclimated western plainsman is the product of the one outstanding climatic characteristic of the region - variability of rainfall.

Other regions have variability of rainfall too, but the reason it is different and more important on the short grass plains is because it is what has been called "variability near the margin".

The total annual precipitation over the whole area seldom exceeds 20 inches, and in many years it varies from 7 to 12 and 13 inches.

In a region which receives over 20 inches of rain annually a variation of 3 to 6 inches may not be serious, but in a country that normally gets from 10 to 15 inches, that variation can mean the difference between 40 bushels of wheat to the acre and 5 or 6. It can mean the difference between adequate pasture on the ranges and gaunt, starving cattle in the spring. That is why the rancher and the grain grower, the two dominant types of settler on the plains, are the most weather-conscious people in the world. They are people whose whole lives are lived in the speculative atmosphere of weather close to the margin - the margin which spells the difference between abundance and scarcity.

While our story is not concerned with the whole of the short grass plains area, the fact that the Alberta portion of it is part of a larger region of the same type is important in shaping the life and background of the people who live in there.

As a result of the knowledge and experience gained in the 86 years since Palliser sketched his famous triangle, we know that he took in slightly too much territory on the north and west. If the division is made on the basis of brown and dark brown soil, we will find that a band varying in width from 30 to 50 miles on the northern and western sides of the triangle may be described as dark brown instead of brown. This is significant because the dark brown soil areas are the products of slightly higher average precipitation, and are therefore more productive and less hazardous from the crop production point of view.

The dominant physiographic features of the Alberta short grass plains are a high plateau of rolling prairies sloping gradually from an elevation of 2600 feet at the eastern boundary to 4000 feet in the western foothills. In the south-eastern corner of the area the Cypress Hills rise to an elevation of 4000 feet. They are an unglaciated remnant of what at one time was probably an extension of the Milk River Ridge from the west. A great glacier cut through the ridge

from the north, leaving the Cypress Hills on the east, and the Milk River Ridge extending eastward from the foothills for 30 miles on the west.

The Hand Hills, southwest of Hanna, provide another break in the relatively flat plain east of the Red Deer River, and they rise to a height of 3500 feet. Southwest of Drumheller the Wintering Hills provide another minor elevation and some rolling country. On the northern boundary of the area may be found the Nose and Neutral Hills rising several hundred feet above the country to the south, and providing good ranching country even today.

The whole area is drained by the South Saskatchewan river system with its tributaries: the Red Deer coming in from the northwest, the Bow coming out through Calgary in the centre and the Old Man River draining in from the southwest. There are a few smaller rivers and streams such as the St. Marys and Belly rivers, the Highwood River and the Rosebud Creek, but generally speaking it is an area

of few rivers, a light and sometimes drifting soil, high winds and bright sun.

South and east from Stettler and Gadsby on the northern edge of the plains, there are great stretches of flat prairie extending to the eastern boundary, south to Medicine Hat and east and west from there. In the south-west corner around Lethbridge, Magrath and Taber may be found large areas of level land under irrigation. Similarly in the area from Brooks to Scandia and Vauxhall another piece of flat country has been converted into a rich irrigation area. The contrast, as one drives westward over the bald prairie from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge or northwest from Medicine Hat to Brooks, is the contrast of going from a vast brown plain where grass is short and thin and where weather-beaten farmsteads are few and far between, into a country of lush green fields, pleasant homes, and tree-lined roads.

Outside the irrigation areas, particularly between Taber and Medicine Hat, and in the

great area east of the Red Deer river, south of Hanna, can still be seen the scars of settlement that should never have been. Thousands of acres of this semi-arid land were broken up and sown to wheat in the years between 1906 and 1917, but were soon abandoned. The land has now reverted to its original purpose, and scattered herds of cattle and horses can be seen gathered around the water-holes and dams that have been erected to conserve the run-off.

The story of Southern Alberta is the story of the ranching country from about 1870 to 1900, and of ranching and wheat growing from 1900 until the present day. The story is at once the most colorful and exciting of our western heritage, and the people who made it, established the traditions and legends which have become a rich part of Canadian life. Probably in no part of Canada have the elements of adventure and romance been combined in such generous measure.

From the days of the early explorers, like the Verendryes, Anthony Hendry, David Thompson, Alexander Mackenzie and others, to the Palliser

expedition of 1857-60, the history of the country had been practically the same. The area was inhabited by thousands of warlike Blackfeet Indians, by the Bloods, Peigans, the Hostile Sioux and the Kootenays. Great herds of buffalo roamed in countless thousands. In the wake of the explorers came the Hudson's Bay, the Nor'West Company, rival traders and whisky smugglers from the south.

In a land where there was no law, men made their own. They built forts and trading posts with such suggestive names as Whoop-Up, Stand Off, Slide-Out, and Rocky Mountain House. Rampaging war parties of the Blackfoot Confederacy fought with invading bands of Crees and Assiniboines from the north. Firewater and buffalo skins, rifles and beaver pelts were the riches of the day. Such was the life of the short grass plains during the last years of the period of exploration which came to an end about 1870.

The year 1870 marked the beginning of the second and most colorful chapter in the life of the short grass plains. The last of the great Indian battles between the Blackfoot and the Crees was fought in the valley of

the Belly River in the autumn of that year - a battle in which the Crees lost over 300 men. Between 1870 and 1874, the first settlers established homes around the forts and trading posts, and brought with them the first herds of cattle.

In 1873 the Dominion Government at Ottawa recognized that the time had come to bring law and order to the prairie plains, and the first three companies of the North-West Mounted Police, 150 strong, were despatched to Fort Garry. In the spring of 1874, 200 more men joined the three companies at Fort Garry and arrangements were made to proceed to the west with their first objective the capture of Whoop-Up.

In the fall of 1874 the North-West Mounted Police established their first police post at Fort Macleod. Other posts were established at various centres in the succeeding months and years, and the process of bringing law and order to the plains was well on its way. This small force in itself became one of the legends of the West, and the colorful figures of the scarlet-coated riders of the plains have added

richness to the Canadian mosaic.

Following the establishment of the police posts, settlers began coming into the country and started establishing homes in the vicinity of the posts.

The first herds of range cattle made their appearance in 1874, some being driven in from the valleys of British Columbia and others coming from Montana.

Each succeeding year brought its new quota of ranchers, and increasing herds began to dot the prairie country under the shadow of the Rockies. A rich, nutritious and self-curing grass, and relatively mild winters with little snow, made the country a cattleman's paradise in spite of the occasional bad winter.

The coming of the railway in 1883 gave the final impetus to one of the great cattle countries of the continent. Cattlemen from Wyoming and Colorado and from as far away as Texas brought their herds into this new

queen of the ranges. The advent of the railway, with its huge construction gangs provided an immediate market for thousands of head of beef. It also opened to the western cattlemen the markets of Eastern Canada and of Great Britain.

These were the days when cattle was king and the names of pioneer cattlemen like George Emerson of Brooks and High River, E. H. Maunsell of Macleod, F. S. Stimson of the North-West Cattle Company, The Cochrane Ranch west of Calgary, Sir John Walrond, the Oxley Ranch Company, A. E. Cross of the British-American Horse Ranch on the Little Bow, the I. G. Baker Company at Macleod, The Cypress Cattle Company in the Lethbridge district, G. E. Goddard of the Bow River Horse Ranch, George Lane of the Bar U, William P. Hull, Pat Burns and a host of others became names to conjure with. These were the men who laid the foundations of the great ranching industry that grew up and had its heyday between 1880 and 1900. They were the men who established the great ranches and laid the foundations of the cattle industry which is so important today.

The advent of the rancher meant the final liquidation of the buffalo, and the last herds were killed in 1879. This in turn placed the Indians in a position of absolute dependence on the white man. It is small wonder that the Indian, no longer able to hunt the buffalo at will, turned sometimes, to rustling cattle, and thereby added further zest to life on the plains.

The cattleman was not to enjoy undisputed domain on the prairie plains for long. After the railway came in, each summer brought an increasing number of homesteaders who began to establish squatter's rights and build homes in the cattle country. Barbed-wire fences made their appearance, and in a few short years the great ranches were crowded into the foothills and onto the more remote rangelands of the south and east.

Previous to 1906 there had been very little invasion of the short grass plains by the grain grower, but as the rising tide of emigration from Europe and the western states continued, homesteads were extended further

away from the foothills and eastward into the Triangle. By 1911 the settlers were coming in in thousands, lured by the dream of free homesteads and land that could be purchased for from $3 to $10 an acre.

They found a land easy to cultivate, where whole townships could be plowed without a break. The soil was rich if it got the rain. The long summer days and bright, dry climate produced wheat of the finest quality ever seen. Copious rains and bumper crops in the years 1915 and '16, with rising prices and a keen demand, removed the last misgivings of those who had previously stayed out of the short grass plains.

The settlers spread over the land, great steam tractors with six, eight and ten plows tore up the virgin sod. Thirty, forty and even fifty bushels to the acre of golden wheat worth $1.65 to $2.00 a bushel, created a boom that was irresistable. In vain did the old ranchers remind these newcomers of the years of 1871 and 1886, and 1895, when the country was so dry that scarcely a creek was running and

and when great cracks opened in the land, some said, big enough to lose a man and saddle-horse.

Towns were built, schools, churches, stores and telephone lines. The maw of European war was insatiable for wheat and yet more wheat. The price went to $3.25 a bushel. What if the year was dry and the yield dropped from 40 to 10 bushels - it still paid on free homesteads and C. P. R. land at $9 an acre. "Just one or two of those bumper crops and we'll be rich and we can go back to Ontario or to Illinois, or to England - just one or two more", so thought many a prairie homesteader. We'll make the old shack do. Why build a home on the bald-headed prairie when we can retire in five or six years, and buy that brick house with the avenue of maples, "back home". So they founded a new empire in succession to the cattleman's, just as he had founded one which displaced the Indian and the Buffalo. They did things in a big way, these western grain growers. They farmed thousands of acres,

some of them bought binders by the dozen. Slim Moorehouse, of Vulcan, came into town, driving 24 teams with a jerk line. He hauled 2000 bushels of wheat at a trip.

George Noble, of Nobleford, bought the Cameron Ranch and farmed 100,000 acres. Noble and a few other titans, together with thousands of smaller operators, converted the prairie plains into a sea of wheat. They built an empire in a few short years - an empire of wheat; of rich, golden wheat, the best in the world, but it was an empire literally built on drifting sands.

With 1917, came the first warnings of the dry years to come. 1918 and relief was needed in the area east of the Red Deer river, south of the Goose Lake Line. Again in 1922, widespread drouth aggravated by a plague of grasshoppers, started settlers moving in large numbers from the provincial "dry belt" - a territory extending south of the C. P. R. line from Stettler to Monitor, and east of a line running from Stettler south to Foremost.

The country roughly west of the Red Deer river at Drumheller, extending through

Vulcan to High River and south from there, being nearer the foothills, gets more rain than the country further east, and has developed into one of the finest wheat-growing areas in the world. Good homes have been built, and a permanent grain-growing economy has been established.

In the years 1931 to 1937, drought of varying intensity each year covered all of Palliser's Triangle and more. Hundreds of farms were abandoned and settlers could be seen with their covered wagons and effects moving north like wild geese in the spring.

Those settlers who remained in the dry area did so because they had learned to live with the country, to adapt themselves and their ways to the immutable laws of nature on the short grass plains. Since 1930 new methods of cultivation, new cropping practices, new types of economic and social organization, have been and are being evolved, more suited to the life of a people who live in a country with limited rainfall and "extreme variability near the margin". That is why the period from 1930 onwards is called

the period of consolidation and conservation.

During the 70 years since the first settlers with their small herds of cattle moved into the short grass plains, great herds of cattle, sheep and horses have roamed the prairies. Great ranches and famous herds still line the foothills, the southern border country and the southeast corner of the province. The cowboy with his denim overalls and ten-gallon hat still rides the range and herds his dogies on their way. Ray Knight, a famous cowman, rode a horse called Chevrolet with "body by Fisher", and George Ross has even taken to the air and flies across the land. As long as men like Ray Knight, George Ross and Herb Gilchrist are carrying on the traditions of the rangemen, color and romance have not departed from the ranges - they have only been brought up todate.

In the same ~~70~~ seventy years period the homesteader and the grain grower have brought 43,000,000 acres under the plow. Millions of bushels of No. 1 hard and No. 1; Northern wheat have gone to the markets of the world. Hundreds of elevators,

lone sentinels of the prairies, stand as mute testimony at once to the farmer's industry and the prairie's bounty.

In the same period of time, hundreds of thriving communities have been built. Fine cities like Calgary, Lethbridge, and Medicine Hat, hum with industry and the bustling, restless activity that is peculiar to the West.

Calgary, bustling city of the foothills, cheated out of being the provincial capital, is undisputed capital of the cow country. It is a wide-awake and active city - a boisterous and friendly place with a zest for life and good living; a city which for one week each year becomes again the old cow-town, and with its stampede keeps alive the color, the friendly spirit and zest of the old rangelands. Calgary is a city where schemes and plots are always yeasting. If it's not a real estate boom, its an oil boom, and if its not an oil boom, it's mining, and when these diversions no longer suffice, there are always schemes afoot for the circumventing of Calgary's larger, sprawling neighbor to the north, the capital City of Edmonton.

Such is the city and such is the country in which the stories and incidents which follow have their setting. The short grass plains, land of the chinook, of clear skies and sunny, snow-capped mountains. Land of the Indian and the buffalo, the rancher and the grain grower, of oil men from Texas and remittance men from England, land of freedom and opportunity for the nonconformists of many countries - people who, in a spirit of faith and unbounded optimism, are willing to try anything once. This is their story.